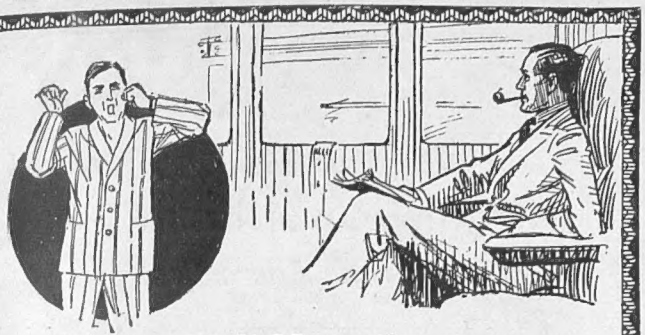


TRAVELLING is clean, cool and comfortable— if you wear

"Luvisca" REG.D SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

The "LUVISCA" Name Tab on each garment is your guarantee. None genuine without.

THEIR silky sheen and modest designs are refined. They hold a distinctive *freshness*, despite frequent washing. Not easily crumpled or soiled, more durable than silk — at far less cost — they ensure dignity and comfort by day and night.

IF any difficulty in obtaining "LUVISCA" Shirts, Pyjamas and Soft Collars, write to COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. 8 M), 19, Aldermanbury, E.C.2, who will send you name of your nearest retailer and descriptive booklet.

Samuel SODEN LTD.
Court Furriers
233 REGENT ST. W.1.

AN unique collection of choice French Model Capes, Coats and Wraps for the coming season can be seen in our new Fur Salons.

Our best available cutters are at liberty during the summer months for the re-fashioning of customers' own furs.

KOLINSKY MARMOT

Luxurious Model COAT of finest quality Kolinsky Marmot, designed on graceful lines and perfect in balance. The skins are of a beautiful rich brown tone and exceptionally light in weight. A garment that we can thoroughly recommend for its durability. ***Reduced from 45 Guineas to*** 29 Gns

All Goods sent Carriage Paid and Insured. Money refunded if garment not approved.

DISCOVERED AT LAST!

APPLY Couleur de Rose to the cheeks first thing in the morning and you will not have to worry about your complexion any more all through the day. It is perfectly natural in appearance and absolutely undetectable!

Couleur de Rose is a liquid and is suitable for every occasion. *It actually improves the texture of the skin.* It will never smear or rub. Rain or heat does not affect it and it is guaranteed perfectly harmless. Improve your appearance at once with

GRANVILLE'S Couleur de Rose

Obtainable of the Army and Navy Stores (Drug Dept.), Civil Service Stores (Drug Dept.), Harrods (Drug Dept.), Heppells Chemists (all branches), Selfridges (Perfumery Dept.), and all leading Stores, Chemists, Perfumers and Hairdressers, price 2/6, or 2/9 post free from

Granville & Co., (Dept. B) 35, New Cavendish St., W.1

Are your teeth *really* clean?

Are the backs and crevices as free from deposit as the fronts? Only then are your teeth *really* clean.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic tooth brush is made specially to reach the awkward places in your mouth. It cleans the backs and sides of teeth as well as it does the fronts. Thoroughly!

Reasons? First, the shaped serrated bristles that fit your teeth. Second, the big end-tuft that reaches even the backs of the back teeth. Third, the curved handle that lets you get the brush *into* your mouth.

All these points are essential. All are original features of the genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic. See, then, that your tooth brush bears the facsimile name thus

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Sold only in the YELLOW BOX

At all Chemists, Stores, etc.; or sent post free, on receipt of price. Hard, medium or soft— one quality, one price— 2/6

WILLIAM E. PECK & CO., Inc. 31 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

Manufactured by Florence Mfg Co. Mass., U.S.A.

Write for *free* copy of "TOOTH TRUTHS" to 31 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

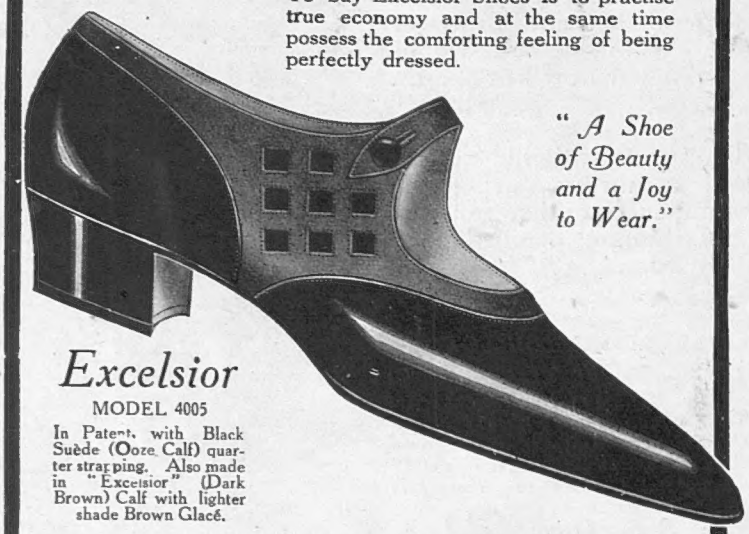
Excelsior Shoes for Ladies

Beneath the perfect style and refined finish of Excelsior Shoes there is concealed a wealth of detail that makers of lesser priced shoes could not possibly afford.

These costly little details make Excelsior Shoes "A Joy to Wear." They also ensure lasting shapeliness and add months to the useful life of the shoes.

To buy Excelsior Shoes is to practise true economy and at the same time possess the comforting feeling of being perfectly dressed.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."



Excelsior

MODEL 4005

In Patent with Black Suède (Ooze Calf) quarter strapping. Also made in "Excelsior" (Dark Brown) Calf with lighter shade Brown Glacé.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Excelsior Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL

Over the Border by the Royal Route

A New Alternative

The L M S have two main line routes to Scotland: one, the Royal Route by the "West Coast" from Euston, the other the "Midland" from St. Pancras.

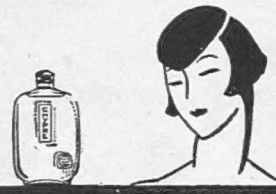
Both are full of interest and beauty.

Within the territory they traverse lies some of the finest scenery in these islands. The Lake District lies beside the one. The other penetrates the lovely valleys of Derbyshire.

Passengers to Scotland by L M S may go by one route and return by the other. With tourist tickets passengers may break their journey by either route.

Extra Summer Service from July 14

L M S



VEOLAY

The charm of the Parisienne is particularly lovely because she perfumes herself with

VEOLAY

PERFUMES

Obtainable from all better class Departmental and Drug Stores

Parfumerie Violet

29. Bd. des Italiens.

....PARIS....

VEOLAY

The Financial Times

Incorporating *The Financier & Bullionist*

Largest Circulation of any . . . Financial Journal in the World.

Contains the latest and most reliable Market News, and the most comprehensive and accurate lists of Stock and Share Quotations.

Devotes special articles, written by experts, to questions of economic and commercial importance, whether arising at home or abroad, and publishes every week special notes on banking, insurance, engineering, Colonial and other subjects.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE FINANCIAL TIMES will be forwarded POST FREE to any part of the world on pre-payment of the following rates: Twelve months, **£3 18s. 0d.** Six months, **£1 19s. 0d.** Three months, **19s. 6d.** One month, **6s. 6d.**

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Westminster Bank," and made payable to THE FINANCIAL TIMES, Limited.

Daily—Twopence. On Sale Everywhere.

HEAD OFFICE: 72, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

NOVELTY BOUCLETTE JUMPERS

AT SPECIAL PRICES FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

This attractive Jumper has been specially designed to keep our workers fully employed during the between seasons. It is made of a new twisted bouclette yarn which we can confidently recommend for hard wear. It is particularly suitable for the Holiday season being of a texture which goes well with tweeds. The actual value of this Jumper is not less than 45/- but it will be sold until the present stock is exhausted, at the exceptional price of 29/6.

USEFUL KNITTED JUMPER (as sketch) made from new twisted bouclette yarn with collar, etc., of self coloured artificial silk, two pockets and long sleeves which button at wrist. In White, Saxe, Silver, Almond, Putty, Light Orange, Fawn, Tan, and Brown.

Actual Value **45/-**

SPECIAL PRICE

29/6

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.

Sent on approval.

BURBERRY SHOOTING KIT

Whether a man be a good or indifferent 'shot' he will appreciate the distinct improvement in his skill which comes when wearing Burberry Shooting Kit, and further, he will greatly appreciate the comfort and security against wet or cold the Kit affords.

Illustrated Catalogue & Patterns Post Free.

Every Burberry Garment bears the Burberry Label.

BURBERRY SUIT

(Model A1800.) By means of Burberry Pivot Sleeves, this handsome and practical model prevents all possibility of shooting being affected by muscular constriction, and enables the sportsman to do his skill the fullest justice.

THE BURBERRY

The ONE Weatherproof that allows absolute freedom for every movement. It resists a day's drenching rain, yet is perfectly self-ventilating—is light and cool on hot days, yet warming when the wind is keen.

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; and Agents in Provincial Towns

Burberrys Ltd.

A.S.N. CO.

SCOTLAND'S GREATEST HOLIDAY LAND—

Sail to Aberdeen—along the bracing East Coast—in one of the Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company's ships—splendidly equipped for comfort and convenience—catering the best money can provide—what more invigorating change than a North Sea trip?

See Balmoral, Ballater, Braemar, Cruden Bay, Deeside, Donside, and the hundred trips and tours arranged for passengers.

Plentiful accommodation—motor tours amidst the world's finest scenery—golfing on many famous courses—fishing, bathing, beautiful walks — Aberdeen cannot be bettered as a holiday resort.

BI-WEEKLY SAILINGS EITHER WAY JUNE TO SEPTEMBER

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS: The Company's Steam Tender, "Ich Dien," attends the Steamers on their arrival in London, for the purpose of conveying passengers to Westminster Pier, Thames Embankment; she also leaves that Pier with passengers for the Steamers One Hour before the advertised times of sailing from Limehouse.

Ask any Tourist Agency or write to-day for Leaflet "F," and full particulars of Fares and Allied Holiday Tours, post free from

ABERDEEN STEAM NAVIGATION CO., LTD.

Aberdeen Wharf, Limehouse, E. (Phone: East 952).
Pitt & Scott's, 25, Cannon St. (Phone: Bank 749).
Wheatley's, Ltd., 46, Beak St., Regent St., W. (Phone: Gerrard 3581)
Or HEAD OFFICE, 87, WATERLOO QUAY, ABERDEEN.

The World's Leading Picture Daily

DAILY GRAPHIC

ORDER IT TO-DAY

All the Best Pictures
All the Real News

WOODROW LTD
46, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

By Appointment

By Appointment

Branches at
11, Market Street, Manchester.
8, Castle Street, Liverpool.
45, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

40, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.
8, Donegall Place, Belfast.
Birmingham Agents:
W. C. Richards & Co, 67, Corporation Street.

THE Harmony of Good Taste and Refinement is reflected in all WOODROW Headwear. Imparting the air of INDIVIDUALITY so seldom found in a hat.

46, Piccadilly, W.1.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

EXCLUSIVE
KNITTED SUITS

Smart simplicity is the note for knitted suits for early Autumn wear. The new models in this Section are particularly interesting and are made on well-tailored lines.

Knitted Woollen Suit *(as sketch) made from superfine quality yarn in soft toned mixture colourings for early Autumn wear, collar can be worn open if desired.*

PRICE
7½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

Notable New Novels at 7/6 net Each

Giglamps — WILL SCOTT

"Giglamps is a delightful chap with the best stock of apt repartee, the most vigorous metaphors that I have met in fiction for a long time. For sheer brilliance of plot and joyousness of style this is the best holiday book I've come across."—*Daily Graphic.*

Marie Vee — DOUGLAS NEWTON

This novel is full of delightfully humorous scenes and vivid descriptions of boxing. The characters of the brave, clean fighter who is hero, and his sweetheart the fascinating, kind-hearted, elusive Marie Vee, are certain to delight.

Wanderlight — ERNEST RAYMOND

13th Thousand.

That eerie insight which is the "soul" of Ernest Raymond's work is abundantly manifested in this new story; it will hold its readers in thrall from first to last page.

Three Rooms — WARWICK DEEPING

2nd Impression.

"The best thing Mr. Deeping has done, and deserving of high praise both for its conception and execution."—*Truth.* "An eminently capable piece of work."—*Punch.*

The Stretton Street Affair — WILLIAM LE QUEUX

"There is a splendid plausibility about this story, which races along at tip-top speed and grips us from start to finish. The mystery is excellently maintained."—*Daily Graphic.*

Ancient Fires — I. A. R. WYLIE

3rd Impression.

"Miss I. A. R. Wylie has done nothing more original in motive and in conception. Lisbeth Gay is one of the most tenderly beautiful characters in modern fiction to be carefully read and then re-read."—*Sunday Times.* "A masterpiece of characterisation."—*Truth.*

The White Wilderness — GEO. A. ENGLAND

"Attains a force of splendour and terror hardly inferior to that found in Hermann Merivale's 'Moby Dick.'"—*Dundee Advertiser.* "Is a book to read and remember . . . an epic treated in the appropriate dimension."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

The Heavenly Ladder — COMPTON MACKENZIE

"Mr. Mackenzie is an artist in character draughtsmanship. 'The Heavenly Ladder' is the most powerful of the trilogy to which it belongs."—*Sunday Times.*

John Dighton: Mystery Millionaire — MAX PEMBERTON

"A first-class novel."—*Yorkshire Evening News.* "One of our most expert tale-tellers."—*Liverpool Daily Courier.* "A rattling good mystery story."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*

Riceyman Steps — By ARNOLD BENNETT

Now in its 36th thousand

The End of The House of Alard — By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Now in its 31st thousand

CASSELL'S

GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS

MOUNTAIN MAGIC

Have you seen the Chamois frolic on the rocks and glaciers of the Wetterhorn through the telescopes of the Bear Hotel, or felt that exhilaration engendered by the tonic crystal freshness of an early summer morn at Grindelwald, or have you on a fine summer's evening seen the *pièce de résistance* of the evening meal deserted by the guests as if in panic to catch the "Alpine Glow" which bathes the snow-covered peaks only for such moments as may never fade from memory? Life is full of magic to those who take George Lunn's Tours to the Lakes and Mountains of Switzerland and Italy, or Summer and Autumn Cruises to Norway and the Mediterranean.

Apply for Programme of "Summer Holidays," a variety of 600 Tours. 6 Departures Weekly. Independent Exclusive Travel arranged by private interview for preference, or by letter.

Secretary:

74, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate

Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING

(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations

Size of Boiler	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 4 16in. x 12in.	170	1¼in.	5in.	£5 14 4
,, 5 16in. x 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 3 2
,, 6 16in. x 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 13 9
,, 7 16in. x 30in.	250	1¼in	5in.	£10 5 3

GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft
No. 4 Boiler,	12	x 44	x 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	x 40	x 10
,, 5 ,,	12	x 48	x 8	,, 5 ,,	40	x 40	x 10
,, 6 ,,	12	x 56	x 8	,, 6 ,,	40	x 45	x 10
,, 7 ,,	12	x 64	x 8	,, 7 ,,	45	x 45	x 10

Or same cubical contents.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD.
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.
Telegrams: "Newton, Sheffield." Estab. 1793. *Telephone:* Ecclesfield, 71 & 72.

MACKIE'S EDINBURGH AT WEMBLEY

See our Display of SHORTBREAD, WEDDING CAKES, FRUIT CAKES, SCOTCH OATCAKES, etc.

Stand 610, Palace of Industry

Send for copy of New Illustrated Catalogue

J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.
Purveyors of Rusks and Shortbread to H.M. the King
108a Princes Street, Edinburgh

"Durward"'s

PRACTICAL DESIGNS
FOR
GOLFING, COUNTRY, and TRAVELLING WEAR.

EXCLUSIVE BUT INEXPENSIVE

THE DURWARD COUNTRY SUIT.

Smartness combined with comfort is manifest in every line, making an ideal suit for golfing and country wear. Jacket, vest and knickers, or trousers in Scotch Cheviots, Homespuns, etc.

From **8 Guineas.**

Patterns, Illustrations and Form of Measurements post free on application.

Coats sent on approval upon receipt of remittance or London Trade References.

THE "UNIVERSAL" COAT.

Rain but not Airproof. A very smart and comfortable Coat adapted for all weathers and purposes. Made in our Universal West of England Cloth of pure virgin wool, double proofed by the latest, and most efficient system.

Price in Universal materials, **£6 6 0**

GOLF JACKET and PLUS FOURS

MADE IN VARIOUS DESIGNS & IN EXCLUSIVE MATERIALS

From **7** Guineas.

THE "AINTREE" CONDUIT COAT.

A perfectly balanced easy-fitting Coat. Distinctive in appearance and thoroughly waterproof, it is a garment of unapproachable excellence for town, country, travelling and general use.

From **6 Guineas.**

Kenneth Durward Ltd.

ULSTER HOUSE, 37, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.

Over 9,000 little children die in England alone every year. Thousands of these deaths are preventable. The aim of the

BATTLE FOR INFANT LIFE

is to find means of prevention and cure to reduce this appalling death-roll. In the forepart of the Battle stands

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

a recognized Centre of Research, Teaching and Treatment, the largest of its kind in the Empire. But it is burdened with debt and cannot fulfil its national mission without generous support.

An urgent appeal is made for contributions in money and service. All are asked to join the Voluntary Helpers' Guild. Full particulars, and a booklet, "Many Ways of Helping in the Battle," will gladly be sent on request.

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL, VINCENT SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

President: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES. *Chairman*: J. GOMER BERRY, ESQ.

Born 1820—*Still going Strong!*

LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES NO. 9.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON at the "RED LION," Wendover. A picturesque survival of the days of the Civil War, with the fireplace intact, at which the Roundhead Commanders foregathered. Robert Louis Stevenson is said to have stayed here in 1875.

Johnnie Walker: "I have heard your words described as the Distilled essence of Scotland."

Shade of Robert Louis Stevenson: "I could never dispute that title with you."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

The Bystander, July 30, 1924 No. 1078. Vol. LXXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Lafayette*

MISS EVELYN LOW

Whose engagement to the Earl of Cottenham was recently announced. Her fiancé, who is the sixth earl, attained his majority this year

Their Majesties at Liverpool

Photograph *Central News*

The King and Queen leaving St. George's Hall on the occasion of their visit to Liverpool for the consecration of the new Cathedral. The ceremony was attended by over forty bishops, Dr. David, the Bishop of Liverpool, carrying out the consecration

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Old Boys

THE schools are closing down and the boys are coming home, but, more important still, fathers of families are remembering that *they* were once boys themselves. They are flocking to prize distributions and to meetings of Old Boys' Associations—playing in cricket matches at their old school and running in the 100 yards Veterans' Race to their great discomfort. It is all very exhilarating.

A Target to Aim At

EVERY school should have its Old Boys' Association, for this is the best advertisement that any educational establishment can possess. And what an incentive to the boys of the present day, who, looking out of the dormitory windows, see what splendid fellows good little boys may eventually become. It gives them, as you might say, a target to aim at. No longer is their future indefinite and obscure. That large man with the gold chain and the big cigar—how wonderful to grow up into so glorious a being! And it *can* be done, for there is the actual evidence before his eyes. The small boy is thrilled to the core, and no wonder.

Good for the Fat Man

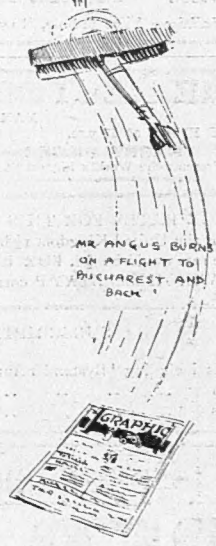
AND it is all very good for the large man with the big cigar. As he walks through the school, he finds his initials carved, deep and immutable, upon the lid of his old desk, and it starts him remembering things. He remembers the sort of boy he was and the sort of man he has become. Upon reflection, he is not sure that he is quite so pleased with himself. The gold chain has a rather brassy look and the big cigar isn't so satisfying as it was before. He throws it out of the window and tries to fasten the bottom button of his waistcoat.

The Old Boy

When first I came to Burford town,
The road ran up and the road ran down;
I carved my name on a desk of wood
And learned far more than I understood.

When last I came to Burford town,
The road ran up and the road ran down;
I found the desk where I carved my name,
And everything else was just the same.

Everything else was just the same:
All, save the boy who carved his name
That night in prep. on the desk of wood,
And learned far more than he understood.



Shaw's Open Secret

LAST week I took a distinguished Frenchman—he was of course, distinguished because he was my guest—to see *Saint Joan* at the New Theatre. From our position of distinction up aloft, we surveyed the packed rows of stalls and circle (two of these) in that sort of contemplative fashion whence great thoughts are wont to arise. "Suppose," I said to him, when one after another of Shaw's typical gibes at the Englishman had been received with genuinely hearty laughter (instantly suppressed so as not to miss the next one) "that France possessed a Bernard Shaw who had written as brilliant a play as this. Would the French stand it?" Breaking a distinguished pea-nut, my foreign friend replied, "No other nation in the world would stand it. You English are the only people who enjoy hearing unkind things about yourselves. And Shaw is the only man who understands

Continued on page 259)

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 7.45.
WEMBLEY RODEO CHAMPIONS and PRIZEWINNERS, THE TWO BOBS, CLARICE MAYNE, HERSCHEL HENLERE, PAUL DECKER, Etc.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2645 & 8886). Nightly at 8. Mats., Thurs. and Sat. at 2.15.
"DIPLOMACY."
GLADYS COOPER. OWEN NARES.
Seats also booked at this Theatre for Gaiety and Apollo.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
"MADAME POMPADOUR."
A New Musical Comedy.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday, Saturday and Monday, August 4, at 2.15.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Evgs. at 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.30.
"THE PUNCH-BOWL."
"LONDON'S BRIGHTEST REVUE."—*The People.*
ALFRED LESTER. Blaney and Farrar. Billy Leonard.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). Nightly at 8.30. JOSÉ COLLINS
as "NELL GWYNNE" in OUR NELL.
The ROBERT EVETT New Musical Production.
MATS. TUES. & THURS. 2.30 (except Tues. Aug. 5). SPECIAL MAT. Mon. Aug. 4.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8724-5). Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Wed. and Thurs. at 2.15.
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S Sensational Play, "OUR BETTERS."
MARGARET BANNERMAN. CONSTANCE COLLIER. MARION TERRY.
ALFRED DRAYTON. REGINALD OWEN. RONALD SQUIRE. STUART SAGE.

KINGSWAY. (Ger. 4032) Nightly at 8.30. Matinée, Thursday at 2.30.
"YOICKS!" A Revue. Smoking permitted
MARJORIE GORDON DONALD CALTHROP
MARY LEIGH MARK LESTER.

PARIS AMUSEMENTS.

RESTAURANT BEAUGÉ PARIS
Estab. 1848. 10, RUE ST. MARC (near Bourse). Central Tel: 87-90.
Specialities: Filet de Sole, Rognons Beaugé, Poularde Suédoise, Bécasse Flambé.

THE RECTOR'S CLUB 45, Rue des Acacias.
'Phone: Wagram 37.66 PARIS.
MAX LOLIVREL *Directeur.*
EVERY NIGHT at 11 p.m. HARRY PILCER Presents the World's Biggest Stars.
EVERY DAY at 4.30 p.m. THÉS DANSANTS With The Lyricals and Argentina Orchestra

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follows: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded

SUBSCRIPTION RATES INCLUSIVE:

	United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
12 Months (including "Bystander Annual")	£3 3 0	£3 1 0	£3 7 6
6 Months	1 11 6	1 10 6	1 13 9
3 Months	0 15 9	0 15 3	0 17 0

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast and After Dinner.
In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

L'ERMITAGE DE LONGCHAMP
BOIS DE BOULOGNE.
THE PRETTIEST SETTING IN THE BOIS.
THÉS-DANSANTS AND GALA DINNERS DAILY.
Telephone: Suresnes 13.

LE TOUQUET REGINA FERRAS HOTEL (1st Class).
IN FOREST, NEAR CASINO & TENNIS.
PRIVATE BUNGALOWS WITH ALL COMFORTS.
MOTOR SERVICE FOR GOLF & SEA. *H. MOSESCO, Manager.*

P & O and BRITISH INDIA CO.'s Passenger and Freight Services.
MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.
Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1
Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.
B. I. Agents: GRAY DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free),
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER
Entirely supported by voluntary contributions.
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.
Secretary:—Mr. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
WRITTEN GUARANTEE OF PERMANENT CURE GIVEN.
EITHER SEX TREATED.
Read what Melbourne Inman says:
"The Solray treatment is wonderful. *I have finished with shaving.*"
(Sgd.) MELBOURNE INMAN.
Consultations Free.
THE SOLRAY CO., Ltd. (HELEN CRAIG), 15, Hanover St., Regent St., W.1.

Melbourne Inman

RICH CRÊPE-DE-CHINE
HOLIDAY TAILORED SHIRTS
Perfectly cut and tailored and made from rich quality crepe-de-Chine, that we can recommend with every confidence to give entire satisfaction in wear.
TAILORED SHIRT (as sketch) perfectly cut with becoming collar and smart tucked front fastening with pearl button. In good quality crepe-de-Chine, in Ivory, Black and the newest Autumn colours. In sizes 13 to 14½ inches.
PRICE **49/6**
In sizes 15 and 15½ inches, **2/-** extra.
Sent on approval.
Debenham & Freebody (WIGMORE LIMITED)
Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.

it. That is the secret of his success." I am inclined to think that my distinguished friend was distinctly right.

Two Guiding Beliefs

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE, who writes plays when he is not writing unpleasant things about the plays of other people, has written a book in which he continues to elaborate his favourite theories. He has also written, for an American paper, "A Defence of Authors Who View Their Own Works with Peculiar Kindness," and that is a subject he really does know something about, for, if Mr. Ervine has two guiding beliefs, the first is that he is all right, and the second is that everyone else is all wrong.

An Earnest Young Man

BUT Mr. Ervine is more than an Egotist. He has written things in his books that lay him open to the charge of being a very foolish person indeed. Not content with lecturing ordinary sinners like you and me, he has tried to administer one of his ineffable reprimands to the members of the Royal Family because they do not happen to visit the sort of play that Mr. St. John Ervine happens to write. Mr. Ervine complains that "the Prince of Wales goes to see one revue a dozen or more times." It happens that the Prince possesses a sense of humour. He likes to laugh—and since when has it been a crime to laugh? Mr. Ervine is a very earnest young man, but he is a little obsessed by the importance of being earnest.

Hands Off the Prince

AND I would suggest, with all deference to Mr. Ervine and others, that the private affairs of the Royal Family are not suitable matter for the making of piffling propaganda. The Prince of Wales is probably the greatest asset that this country possesses. Mr. Hughes said in my hearing that when the Prince goes to America he will be more popular than any American. The compliment was well-timed and obviously sincere. And if the Prince chooses to sandwich an occasional smile between his many duties to the State, why shouldn't he? Would he be better fitted for his task if he spent an evening at one of Mr. Ervine's plays? "I doubt it," said the Carpenter—and shed a bitter tear!

Flying Is In the Air

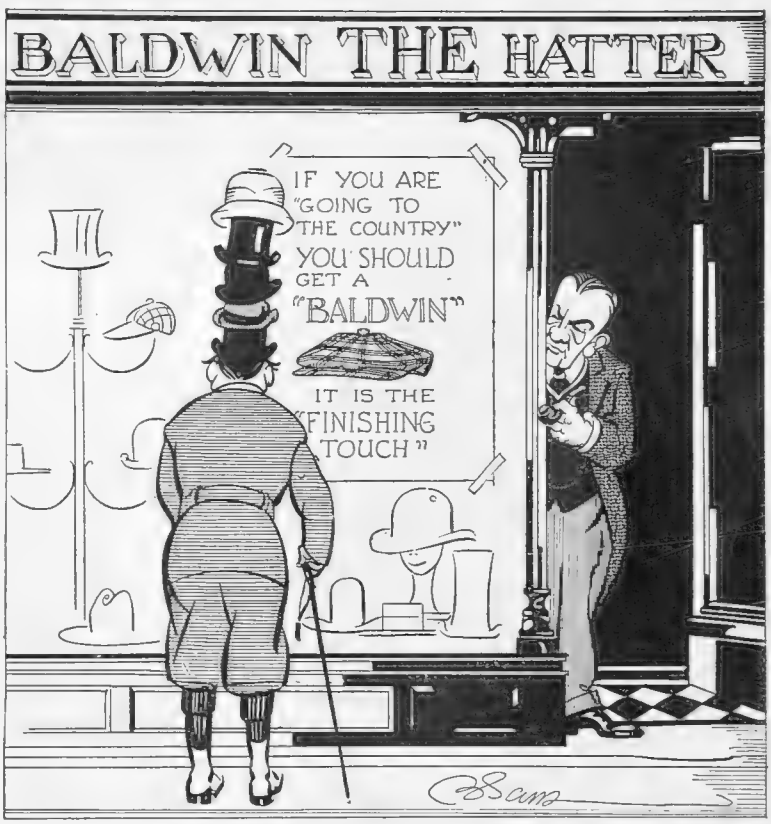
IT might savour of a cheap jest to say that flying is very much in the air just now, but such is the case. Following the various world-flights, the *Graphic*, which was the earliest newspaper pioneer of transport by air, has now taken another step by despatching a member of its staff, Mr. Angus Burns, on a flight to Bucharest and back. During the trip he will visit eight European capitals in three days, and the story he will have to tell should make excellent reading when it appears in the pages of the *Graphic*.

The Sacrificial Snip

THE crusade against bobbing and shingling is proving successful, and we read that mothers are taking their daughters into the wilds in order that the shorn locks may grow in secret. This swing of the social pendulum carries with it much more far-reaching effects than you possibly imagine. Think of those homes in which the wife has toyed with the new fashion, yet feared to take the drastic step. As is usual in such cases, she has sought the advice of the mere male, and he, poor soul, has played for safety by encouraging a policy of masterly inactivity. All this time he has been an object of suspicion. The wife has brooded darkly on his reasons for discouraging the sacrificial snip of the hungry scissors. Is he afraid that her face will become dangerously attractive to other men in its new setting? He never wants her to look nice. He is a pig!

The Un-Shorn Lamb

BUT now the husband has come into his own. He has done the right thing for once. Hang out the flags and stick marble tablets all over the front of the house! While other maidens sneak away into wretched obscurity, *his* wife can flaunt the tresses that he plucked as a sheep from the shearing. Undoubtedly he is the top dog—the better half—the master in the house. But he mustn't rub it in! Fortune is smiling at the moment, but he may back the wrong horse next time. Let him be magnanimous in the hour of his triumph. Let him congratulate his wife on her perspicacity. Let him say: "Darling, you were right—as always." And then, when, to-morrow or the next day, the bitter wind of criticism starts to blow from the north, the unshorn lamb may remember, and remembering may forgive.



WILL WINSTON "CAP THE LOT"? By Bam

I Hadn't Thought of That!

HAVE you ever lived in a Round House—one of those queer circular structures built at the junction of canals and rivers that permit the lock-keeper to see any craft that is approaching from any point of the compass? Since the canals went derelict these Round Houses have been available as residences for ordinary folk, and I nearly bought one myself when I was down in the country last week-end. It was everything that the soul of man could desire. The river offered opportunities for boating and bathing; there were pike a yard long to be caught in the canal, and wild duck were flying across the meadows in droves—or whatever they *do* fly in. I stood on the rustic foot-bridge and looked at my Round House. It was surrounded by tall poplars and seemed just the place in which a man like me might end his days in peace. The setting sun tinged its solitary chimney-pot with dull gold. "I'll buy it!" I said to my dear wife. "I'll buy it, and we'll have the furniture moved in right away." "Don't be silly," she replied. "Where do you suppose we should put the corner cupboard?"

Photograph "PILGRIMES ARN WE ALLE" [G.P.U.

Some of the Guests at the recent dinner of the Pilgrims, presided over by the Duke of Connaught, at the Hotel Victoria in honour of Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State of the U.S.A. The seated group shows: Lord Balfour (left), Mr. Andrew Mellon, the Prince of Wales, Mr. Charles Hughes, the Duke of Connaught, the American Ambassador and Mr. J. R. Clynes

Photograph *Alfieri*

ALL HAIL—AND HAIL STORMS

The Prince of Wales with a couple of attendant watersprites disguised as policemen arriving at the Central Hall, Westminster, in the midst of the worst storm London has experienced for many years. After escaping from the deluge he was installed as Provincial Grand Master of Surrey

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Well-Earned Holiday

No one in the country has earned their summer holiday by more continuous hard work than the King and Queen, and it must have been with a sigh of relief that their Majesties welcomed the coming of Goodwood. From the beginning of May they have had one ceaseless round of activities and functions culminating in the visit to Liverpool for the dedication of the Cathedral.

If you added up the number of people entertained at Buckingham Palace this season the total would be rather staggering—two Court Balls, four Courts, and then the Garden Parties. I should think the total must be close on thirty thousand, if not more. In addition, there were the two State banquets for the Roumanian and Italian sovereigns.

Cowes brings no relaxation in entertaining, for there is generally a dinner-party every night on the Royal yacht, but the Queen, who does not share Princess Mary's delight in sailing in the *Britannia*, enjoys the motor trips she always makes in the Isle of Wight during Cowes Week.

Royal Visit to Alnwick

The Queen is to pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle on her way North. Alnwick has, I consider, the most magnificent library in any house in England—I mean as a room, not as a collection of books, although now that the Althorp library has been largely dispersed its collection of books stands high.

Some two or three years ago the Duke of Northumberland was obliged to close many of the rooms at Alnwick—it is a huge and imposing pile—and dispense with men-servants. An "incidence" of taxation which one hopes only proved to be an incident.

Before her marriage the Queen stayed in more country houses than any other member of the Royal Family. Her mother, the Duchess of Teck, delighted in country visiting and her diary shows a succession of journeys nearly every year for visits to country houses practically all over England, visits on which she was invariably accompanied by the Queen.

Marriage and Chaperons

It used to be a fixed idea that if a girl was given a season in London she had a much better chance of marriage. And, to this end, parents who had not a town abode spent large sums in taking furnished houses and in entertaining, in order that they themselves might be entertained, and that their girls might meet eligible young men.

Matchmaking mothers played a big *rôle* in those days when a girl

Photograph G. P. U.

At the Filmer-Sankey—Grosvenor Wedding

had to be brought back to her parent, sitting with other parents like a row of watchful hens, after each dance. Ineligibles were frowned away and blushing daughters were trained not to be too forthcoming with eligibles. The early stages of encouragement generally came from the mothers. Worldly-wise mothers prevented many imprudent marriages—if they did not always bring about happy ones—by sheer weight of maternal authority.

The other kind of mothers did nothing to influence their daughters' choice of husbands, but they kept a watchful eye for the elimination of undesirable young men. All this was possible under the iron rule of chaperonage. But in the palmiest days of the match-making mother the greater number of engagements took place in the country. Even then the London season was too full, too hurried a time for serious wooing, so the worldly mother and the wise mother both arranged meetings in the country. The seed was sown in London ball-rooms; the harvest was reaped in country-houses—hence the matrimonial value of the London season.

The girl of to-day generally manages her own love-affairs. So far as her parents are concerned, she blows about where she listeth. Nevertheless she, too, clings to the old idea and demands her London season as part of her birthright, but a season unchaperoned and independent of any parental plans that do not suit her own convenience. Yet, an old friend of mine, worldly-wise and shrewdly observant of our modern ways and doings, declares that the girls who are still chaperoned to-day make better marriages than the girls who rush about in motor-cars with Harry and Dick and Tom, and go to dances alone with Herbert, Percy and John. "For young people," she said, "friendship is the undug grave of marriage. Do you notice how rarely men marry their great girl 'pals'?" Then she cited a whole list of recent marriages. They were all of girls who had done their London seasons under the wing of a chaperoning mother.

A delicate question upon which to enter, perhaps, but an interesting one at this moment when we are all adding up the profits and losses of the last three hectic months.

Photograph *Lafayette*

MRS. KELLOGG

The wife of the American Ambassador. She recently gave a reception at Crewe House to meet the members of the American Bar Association on their visit to England

Photograph] *[Central News*

DURING THE CEREMONY

A photograph taken in St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street, Chelsea, during the wedding of Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey (1st Life Guards) the well-known polo and cross-country rider, and Lady Ursula Grosvenor. She is the elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster and Constance, Duchess of Westminster. The photograph above is of the bride and bridegroom at the reception

English Society and the Seaside

WE have taken many pleasant habits from the French, such as lunching and

Photograph *L.N.A.*

LIEUT. C. E. AND MRS. ST. AUBYN

At St. Matthews, Ealing Common, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Miss Blanche Fletcher

dining at restaurants, for example, but we have nothing to compare with their fashionable seaside resorts, nor are we ever likely to have.

To the Parisian world of fashion, the visit to a fashionable *plage* like Deauville is just a continuance of the Paris season, calling for as varied a wardrobe, with the addition of something especially chic or startling in the way of bathing garments and *peignoir*. There must be dresses for the morning, for the afternoon, for the races, for the polo matches, and particularly for the Casino at night—the seal of gambling and gaiety on the day's doings.

In England, if we go to the sea after the gaieties of London

FIVE WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

Photograph *Central News*

MR. J. H. SITT, M.C., AND HIS BRIDE

Formerly Miss Ida Martineau, leaving Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, after their marriage

Photograph *I. B.*

THE COMTE AND COMTESSE CRAMAYEL

Leaving St. James's Church, Spanish Place. The bride was formerly Miss Mary Latta, daughter of Sir John Latta

Photograph *L.N.A.*

MR. AND MRS. A. R. FAULKNER

Mr. Faulkner leaving Brompton Oratory with his wife, who is better known as Miss Winifred Barnes, the actress and singer

are over, it is entirely for rest and change, or in ninety cases out of a hundred for the sake of the children. To our womenkind, clothes at the seaside are a secondary if not a negligible consideration, and if there are no children, well, English society seems to find the French *plages* much more amusing and more to its liking than English seaside places—that is, if it goes to the sea at all. So long as the moors exist and the grouse still abide with us, I think our seaside places will remain exactly as they are so far as English society is concerned.

The Bayreuth Festival

A goodly contingent of Wagner lovers went to Bayreuth for the Wagner Festival which began last Tuesday. All the seats, I am told, were sold as long ago as February. A large number, it is said, were bought by speculators and re-sold at extravagant prices. Their profits must have been large, for a friend of mine having bought three tickets found, a month before the Festival began, that there was one she could not use. She wrote to the manager of an hotel in Carlsbad

Photograph *L.N.A.*

MAJOR AND MRS. G. PHIPPS-HORNBY

After their wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Mrs. Phipps-Hornby was Miss Eileen Daly

Photograph *Central Press*

"COME ABOARD!"

A party including the Hon. Henry Denison and the Marchioness of Ormonde going to view the regatta

A FORETASTE OF COWES

Yachting impressions at the Two-Days Regatta of the Island Sailing Club

You will remember I told you some time ago that Wagner's widow, Frau Cosima, was reduced almost to beggary by the War and the falling-in of the copyright of the operas through the lapse of time since Wagner's death. Wagner can now be performed without a composer's fee. The opera houses in Germany have decided to pay Frau Cosima the fees during her lifetime as if the copyright still existed.

Her Talent

A DISTINGUISHED American novelist, whose books are very popular in England, wanted a maidservant for a small flat she had taken in New York. Registry offices, advertisements, produced one impossibility after another. The lady was in despair when one day a girl newly-arrived in the States from Northern Sweden presented herself for the place. "Here," thought the lady, gazing on the simple countenance, "is a fresh, unspoilt creature. I am in luck."

But to each question, "Can you cook?" "Can you scrub floors and turn out a room?" "Can you wait at table?" "Can you sew?" there came a shake of the head and an emphatic "No!"

"Then what *can* you do?" cried the lady in desperation.

A broad grin crossed the Swedish girl's face from ear to ear, and in a tone of mingled pride and triumph she said,

"I can milk elk."

Photograph *Central Press*

LORD AND LADY INCHCAPE

Photograph *Central Press*

MRS. H. REYNOLDS

asking if he could dispose of the ticket. She received a telegram asking her to send the ticket immediately. In return she received ten times the amount of money she had paid for it. So one person has done the Festival very cheaply.

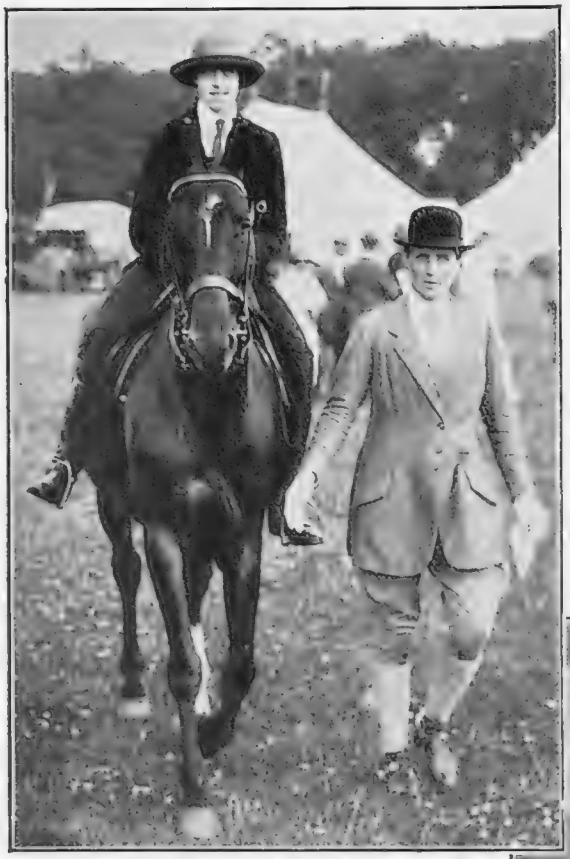
The last Festival was in 1914 and ended abruptly owing to the outbreak of the War. It was a *sauve qui peut* of all nationalities, including the Germans themselves, at the railway station.

Photograph VISCOUNT GORT, V.C. [*Central Press*

Is It True?

TWO American millionaires are said to be both trying to buy eight suits of old armour belonging to Lady Beatrice Thynne, the sister of the Marquis of Bath. One of them is Mr. Hearst, the head of the "Yellow Press" in America, the other is Mr. Clarence Mackay, "the Cable King."

The armour was sold at an auction in London some sixty years ago for £800,



Photograph *Alfieri*

READY FOR THE JUDGE

The Misses J. and A. Hamilton, with a friend on whose good qualities quite a lot depended, at the New Forest Agricultural Show at Bartley Cross

THREE OF A COUNTRY KIND

Photograph *Personality Photo Press*

PADDOCK BOUND

Mrs. Knight and Miss Cross at the recent Leicester meeting which was chiefly notable for the dead-heat run by Mr. Bliss, the favourite, and Brimstone. This occurred in the Prince of Wales' Handicap Plate on the opening day

but its actual value, whether it was known to the Thynne family or not, has only recently transpired.

An expert in armour is reported to have said that they are the finest examples of German work in the country, two of the suits alone being worth £40,000 each. One of these was made for Philip II of Spain, and is inlaid with crimson enamel and gold leaf. The same expert is likewise reported to have said that either of the American millionaires would gladly pay £150,000 for the eight suits.

Mr. Hearst, apparently, does not care what he gives in pursuit of his taste for old armour, for if report speaks truly he recently paid £250,000 for a private collection in Paris, all the armour being packed and shipped to New York within a few hours of the purchase.

The same expert said that any one of these suits of armour would cost £5,000 to reproduce, and there is only one man in the world who could do it. This enormous value of eight suits of armour sounds like a fairy story, but it must be very pleasant to possess old armour if it is true.

Where the Cakes Came From

On several occasions whilst taking tea with some truly rich friends, I have been struck by the particular deliciousness of their cakes. These cakes, I was told by my hostess, are made by two ladies who are not so well off as they used to be. In more prosperous days cake-making was their hobby, and when money reverses came they were urged by their friends to turn their hobby to account. Every step of the cake-making is done by themselves. They have no shop, never advertise, and make no cakes except to order. I was told, also, that they are not over-anxious for new customers, as their *clientèle*, both in London and the country, takes practically all their time. Their recipes are their own, and they can never be persuaded to give them to anybody.

No More Income Tax

Shall we ever see the last of all the War-time restrictions that "lag superfluous" on the stage of the post-War world? What a chance for a party to come forward with that one single programme—a platform with one plank in it—No Restrictions! Some of us were sitting round dreaming of that golden age. And when an amateur politician suggested that by running State Lotteries, the Income Tax could be abolished, our tears fell like rain. What a peroration for a politician's speech—"And there shall be no more Income Tax!"

Photograph *Alfieri*

IN CHEERY MOOD

Mr. T. Downham (left), Miss Ursula Ferguson and Mr. Geoffrey Bevan do not appear to treat the photographer with becoming seriousness. The photograph was taken at the New Forest Agricultural Show, which was seriously affected by the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in Dorset

To Our Readers Abroad

The Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs taken in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Summer in the Garden

Photograph *Compton Collier*

MRS. JOHN LAMBTON

With her two children, John and Anthony. Her husband, who is a nephew of the Earl of Durham, served in the Northumberland Fusiliers, being wounded in the early days of the war

Motley Musings

"RESIGNATION should be the watch-word of every one of us," said a preacher last week at St. Paul's. The Premier and his colleagues might care to consider this statement.

. . . . . .

"X's sugar can't be beet," says an announcement. Truth will out even at an Advertising Conference.

. . . . . .

THE Stratford magistrates this week had to decide the question, "What is sauce?" Most ladies who have domestic servants could have told them at once.

. . . . . .

AN Elizabethan pageant has just been enacted in Derbyshire. The producer probably had some difficulty in cutting out the ruff stuff.

. . . . . .

"THE Yankees are dangling their bags of gold before British footballers in the hope of tempting them to cross the Atlantic," says a sporting paper. But our men aren't likely to forsake their conventional blue serge ones!

. . . . . .

WHETHER Scotsmen or Germans drink more has been debated in a contemporary. Our experience is that either can take any "given" quantity.

A Scotsman whose front name is
Dougal,
Though thought to be thrifty and
frugal,
Will open his throttle,
And empty a bottle
Of whisky or wine from Port-u-gal!

But Heinrich whose home is in
Munich,
Declares that the tum'neath his tunic
Can nightly digest
Thirty pints of the best!
His taste for a tonic is chrunic!

AN appropriate song for an harassed literary man:—"There is wireless at the bottom of our garden."

. . . . . .

WE are informed that more money is made out of alleged cures for obesity than out of any other remedy. These quack merchants must evidently live on the fat of the land.

. . . . . .

FOUR daughters of a telephone operator in Liverpool have simultaneously become affianced. It is evident then that *his* number's engaged.

. . . . . .

"HE'S so mean," remarked one employé to another, "that if he were an electric battery he wouldn't give you a shock!"

. . . . . .

THE motoring accidents in America last year make painful reading. Pedestrians there seem to be of two classes: the quick and the dead.

. . . . . .

"I'VE never walked up here before without being 'touched' by X," remarked an actor-manager, as he passed the Savoy.

"I hear the old chap is dead," said his companion.

"Ah, well," mused the other, "it's nice to think he's gone to a better Strand."

. . . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT declares that the most hackneyed line in English poetry is, "I could not love thee, dear, so much lov'd I not honour more." May we suggest some variants:

For the Literary—"I could not," etc., "loved I not Hannah More."

For the Sportsman—"I could not," etc., "loved I not on a moor."

For the Flirtatious—"I could not," etc., "loved I not an *amour*."

For the Summer Sales Ladies—"I could not," etc., "shoved I not on her more."

. . . . . .

A SPORTSMAN has recently been cited as co-respondent in two divorce suits. Race-goers will agree that he ought to have declared which of the two he meant to win with.

. . . . . .

OWING to a misunderstanding, the two Cockney batsmen found themselves in the middle of the pitch.

"I thought you said, 'Gow,'" exclaimed the first.

"Gow!" said the other, "I said, Naou!"

SKY-WRITING

1

That office boy, I must admit,
My moral sense appals,
Who practises his impish wit
By scribbling on the walls.

2

I also deem that errant wight
To decency half-dead,
Who goes out on the binge at night
To paint the township red.

3

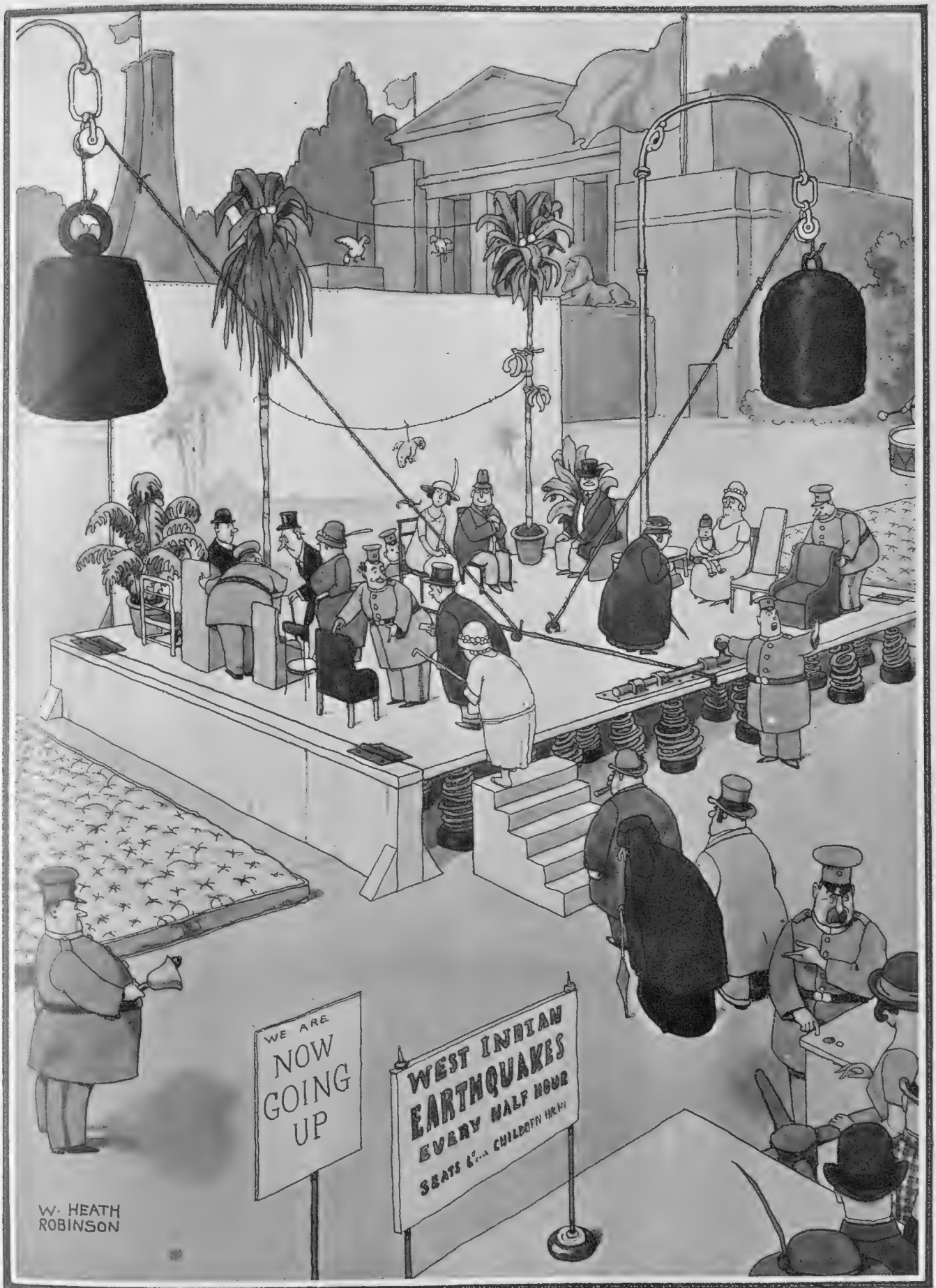
Yet blacker far the murky stain—
Far more to blame, say I,
Are those sky-terriers who profane
The blueness of our sky!

HARTLEY CARRICK

THE CLOSE SEASON FOR "NATIVES" BERT WILSON

AMERICAN "Say, constable, can you tell me whether there is *any* native quarter in this city?"

A Moving Scene at Wembley



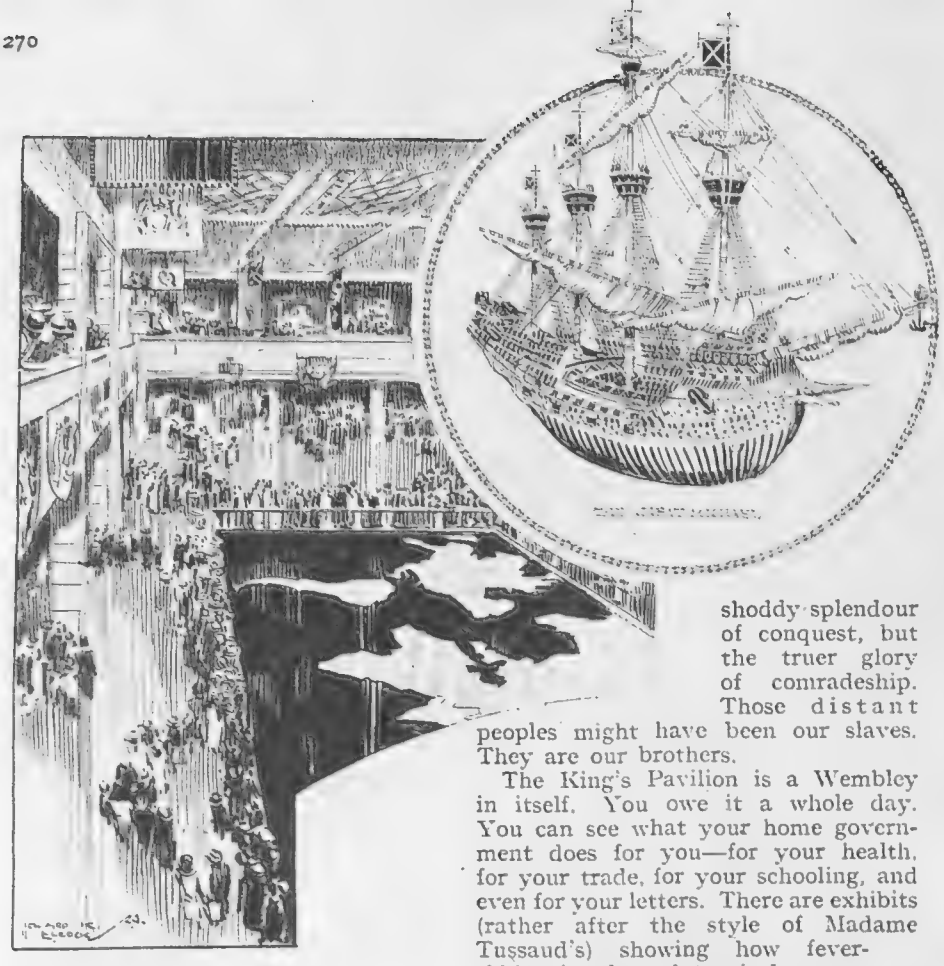
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Visitors to the British Empire Exhibition about to experience the thrills of the special earthquake machine devised by a well-known artist

INKLINGS OF EMPIRE

THE KING'S PAVILION

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK



LET them close Waterloo Bridge if they like. I don't care. Here is old London Bridge, the bridge of the Train Bands and the 'prentice boys; the bridge over which bowmen and pikemen strode and armoured knights went riding, plumes tossing and lances agleam. Towers and bastions, grimly menacing, guard the entrance, and the rounded cobblestones of the roadway re-echo with many a romantic memory—the tramp of armed heels and the clanging hooves of prancing chargers. On either parapet perch the little shops of the merchants—the goldsmiths and the silversmiths—framed in oaken beams and age-old timbers. And so the river is crossed. On the far side I come upon sunny gardens, cunningly laid out, leading to the King's Pavilion.

His Majesty's Pavilion. And rightly so. There is a true majesty about its clean-cut lines, massive in their strength, severely simple in their dignity. Its stone lions are kingly but benevolent beasts, with all the latent power of a kindly, rather lazy giant. Broad, sweeping stone steps and a wide court, roofed in glass, a shining splendour of blue and gold. This lights a massive gallery, hung like King Arthur's hall with pennons and gay banners, emblems of the daughter states. And below lies the great world map, showing the routes where the big steamers go,

> . . . To fetch you your bread and your butter,
> Your beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, apples, and cheese.

There is a thrill about that big map splashed heavily with British red. It has a splendour of its own; not the rather shoddy splendour of conquest, but the truer glory of comradeship. Those distant peoples might have been our slaves. They are our brothers.

The King's Pavilion is a Wembley in itself. You owe it a whole day. You can see what your home government does for you—for your health, for your trade, for your schooling, and even for your letters. There are exhibits (rather after the style of Madame Tussaud's) showing how fever-ridden jungle and tropical swamp can be made to blossom like the rose.

SCENE ONE: Explorer dying of fever amid fœtid, rotting vegetation.

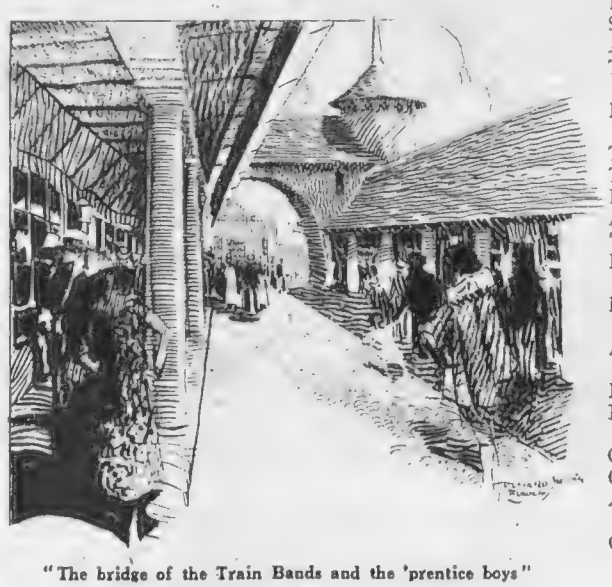
SCENE TWO: Happy homestead, smiling fields, healthy settlers.

And the moral is (I think) Drains. Seriously, though, the picture given of the battle between sense and science on the one hand and disease and death on the other, is inspiring, if a trifle grim.

And then we come to the King's ships. Where ships are concerned we are all boys. The boy of all ages has never needed a magic carpet to waft him to fairy-land. The sea has always been his paradise. And here, before our eyes, comes the pageant of the King's ships over the seas of time. There is magic in their very names—sloops, frigates, seventy-fours, brigantines, galleons. In all those rolling words thrills the deep-set English passion for—

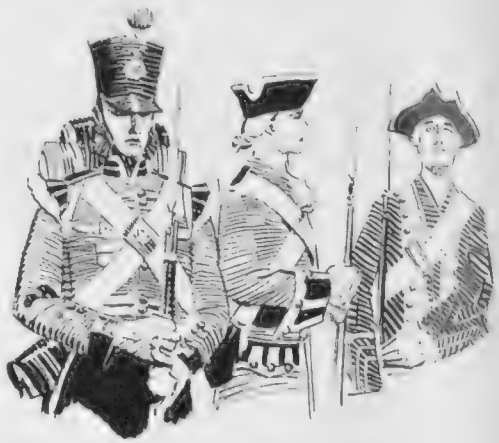
> . . . A tall ship,
> And a star to steer her by.

Scarlet coats! The thin red line! There passes, too, in figure, picture, and emblem, the story of the fighting man; the bowman of Agincourt with his clothyard shaft, the stubborn pikeman, the Cavalier with dancing curls, the Roundhead with Bible and broadsword, the grenadier of Blenheim, the indomitable infantry squares of Waterloo, the inspired madmen of Balaclava, the gunners of Colenso, and our own Old Contemptibles.



"The bridge of the Train Bands and the 'prentice boys"

The archer was an Englishman,
A yeoman with a bow;
To till his fields he much preferred
But when the call to arms he heard,
He armed himself to go;



"Scarlet coats! The thin red line!"

He drew his bowstring taut and true;
He had an archer's work to do.

Through the green glade the knight-at-arms
Rode to the hunting-field;
But hark, the royal trumpets blow!
Sir Knight, he lets his falcon go
And grasps his blazoned shield.
Then flashing sword from sheath he drew,
For there was knightly work to do.

The bad boy of the village shocked
The parson and the squire,
But, far afield, 'neath tropic sun,
An Empire by a clerk was won
'Mid flood and flame and fire.
His name was Clive; scant pay he drew;
He simply had his job to do.

Archer and knight have long time slept
In peace that none can rob,
But Arras and Ypres and Passchendale
Carry along the glorious tale
Of the Englishman and his job;
A story of heroes, strange but true . . .
Of men who had their job to do.

A. A. THOMSON

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

she is not a marrying woman, though she will always be grateful to him for having been the one man to respond to her "sex appeal." Having dried her eyes she proceeds with her preparations for the party. This is quite an amusing function, and the Devonshire characters are most felicitously and faithfully represented. Whereunto do I set my hand and seal.

WE had seen Miss Tapper at the farm a few days previously. She had called on Farmer Sweetland to know if she might borrow his man, Churdles Ash, to act as a man-servant at her party. The idea is that Churdles shall don the uniform of a former menial at the villa, and formally announce the guests as they arrive. Churdles, who is a bibulous old farm-hand, vigorously opposes the suggestion; but he finally obeys the farmer's orders and duly appears at the party. This part is most ably represented by Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, who rightly has the sympathy of the house from the start. Whether he is sitting at the farmhouse tea-table taking tea with very rural manners, or whether he comes hot-foot from the hayfield for more quarts of cider, Mr. Hardwicke is a manifest delight. And when he appears in his ill-fitting uniform, his humorous sallies and his lively acting frequently cause the audience to interrupt the action of the play for a moment with a spontaneous round of applause, as a reminder that they are watching him closely all the time.

AT Miss Tapper's tea-party there appears the substantially-built postmistress, Mary Hearn, who happens to be No. 3 on the farmer's list. But here, again, the farmer has no luck, and on being refused he pursues his usual practice of turning and rending the ladies who will have none of him. In fact he emphasises the postmistress's imperfections to such a degree that she has hysterics and calls for help, and the party goes away into the Ewigkeit, as Hans Breitmann has it. But is Farmer Sweetland downhearted? No-o-o-o! He has heard of a likely bite at Exeter, and he rushes off, only to return with an empty creel, as it were. Then his eyes are opened to the value of the rare woman of his household, Araminta Dench, thus proving the old adage that says that men will travel far to find blessings that are ready to drop into their hands on their own doorsteps.

THERE is a pleasant pair of love themes among the young people running through the play. First of all there is George Smerdon, who is very desperately

in love with Miss Petronell Sweetland, the farmer's eldest daughter. He has lately inherited five thousand pounds. But Petronell does not know this at the time; and she refuses him on the very reasonable ground that she loves Another. But when she hears afterwards about the five thousand pounds, it is clear that the windfall has affected her a great deal. She cannot help talking about it, and tells everybody she meets that George Smerdon has inherited five thousand pounds. This is a remarkable piece of character acting by Miss Eileen Beldon, whose dialect is perfect, and who talks in the vapid and half-hysterical tone of an empty-headed country beauty. There is much humour in George Smerdon's resolve to keep on proposing to the girl until he has broken down her resistance. There is also a very dainty love-scene between Miss Sibley Sweetland, the farmer's second daughter, and young Richard Coaker, which is sentiment at its best, played by Miss Phyllis Shand and Mr. Albert Ingle. *The Farmer's Wife* is an excellent and amusing play, and I wish I had gone to see it before.

JINGLE

Gossip from Deauville

By "PETETTE" *Illustrated by BLAM*

THE merry-go-round has started again, *train bleu*, rush for rooms, prices sky high and all. Deauville is once more *the* place where the Parisian, and more particularly the American buyer *de passage* in Paris, simply must spend the week-end. It should be very good for one's credit to be seen there, for only the very rich can really afford it. We all go, however; only when I meet my shoemaker and my dressmaker, who are there too in order to be in the movement, I only hope they don't guess I'm spending what should be going to pay their bills, and make themselves unpleasant accordingly.

THE Roman Bath that was only a plan in the air last year is now an actuality. A marvel of luxury and beauty, it adds greatly to the *cachet* of Deauville, and also to the humour when one watches the Hebraic fraternity disporting itself in fancied imitation of Roman emperors. There is a fountain in the centre of an exquisite tiled court, and a line of graceful pillars along the path that borders the dressing-rooms.

ON the side facing the sea are luxurious cabins that are hired for the season by the plutocrats. These cabins are furnished with the last word in comfort in the way of deck and lounge chairs, and it has become ultra *chic* to sit there and disperse champagne and shrimps among all one's friends after the morning plunge. When the new bar at the corner is opened half the United States will probably arrive, helter-skelter. The cocktail never calls them in vain.

MARVELLOUS weather blessed the first big week-end, so all the world was there with his wife, when he was not with somebody else's. The bathing-dress parade became a pleasure as well as a duty, though it was a pity that the lady in the pale mauve taffetas frillies really did go into the water. Her mauve silk stockings and high-heeled shoes had rather a bedraggled appearance as she struggled up the beach again. Such beauteous costumes are only meant for the promenade and to gladden the heart of the Press photographer. Those who wanted to enjoy their dip wore the bewitching *maillot* that is so attractive on a slender figure. And at Deauville everybody is slender. Fashion there demands the proportions of a broomstick, and it is amazing how nearly all the women have managed to achieve this end without losing any of their attractiveness.

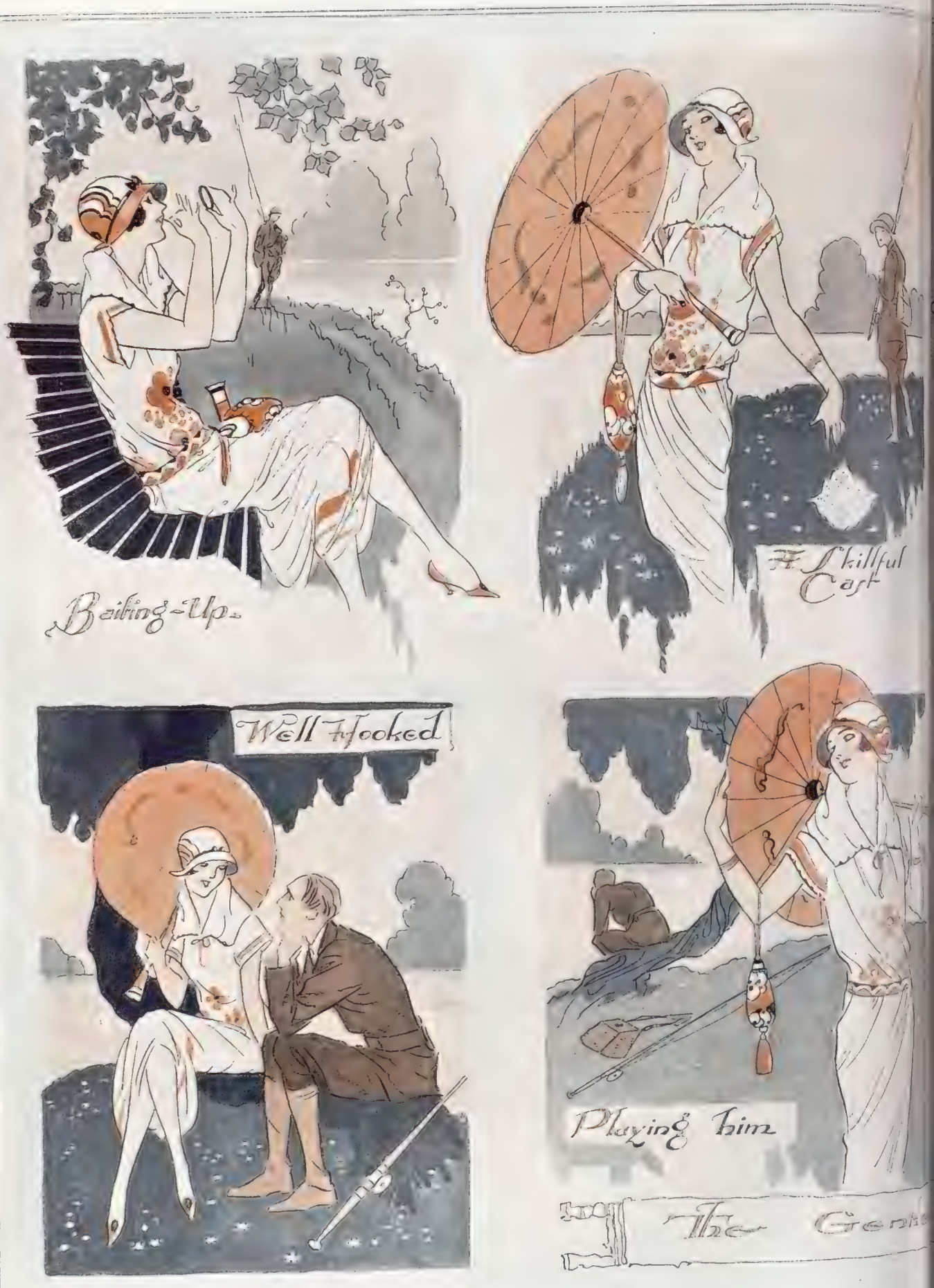
AFTER the bathe, the Potinière is an essential part of the day's programme. More cocktails and more shrimps are consumed there while we watch the kaleidoscopic crowd. It is like another Grand Prix de Paris with all the well-known faces, and more lovely frocks than ever. Skirts are almost a negligible quantity this year. None of them ventures more than a couple of inches below the knee. The new complexion, too, is a wonderful achievement. Dark, deep reddish-brown, like an Indian's skin, is adopted by the real *élégantes*. Some of them get it through henna baths, I am told; but the more lasting and expensive variety is achieved by means of much treatment with blue rays.

PIGEON-SHOOTING and polo begin at the end of the month to attract the *beau monde* which has not yet been entirely driven away by the mob. A very fine shot who is expected this year is the Baron Alexander de Styrcea who did wonders in the preliminary heats for the Olympic shooting. The baron, who is a Roumanian, and his charming wife are extremely popular in Parisian and London society. Spaniards are already here in full force, and others who are expected are the Duke and Duchess of Alba and Berwick, the Duke and Duchess of Penaranda, and the Marquis of Villiabragima.

THE crowd that flocks to the Casino is nothing short of amazing. Those who have no money to lose gather round to watch those who have. The Dolly Sisters, sunburnt (by natural means, blisters and all) to the colour of two little Indian braves, are keeping things going merrily. They win and lose sums that most people would consider a very comfortable income at the turn of a card without moving an eyelash. This year, out of consideration for their friends, they are not dressing alike, so when you have memorised the fact that it is Jenny in the pink frock and Rosie in the white you know where you are.

NO wonder there is a dash in Communism in the point of view of those who serve in Deauville. They see so much money literally thrown away. Sums that they could not hope to save after a life's toil are staked every five minutes on the green tables. They might have some respect for the gamblers if some of them had the sense to get up and go away with their winnings. But the winner always thinks his luck will continue, and the loser thinks his will change, and so they go on, five per cent. trickling down the *cagnotte* all the time, until in the end the Casino is the only winner. But it all makes for excitement in this age of striving for strong emotions.

"Pigeon-shooting and polo attract the *beau monde*"

PURSUIT

A FISHING DRA

BY A. K. MACDONALD

IN EIGHT REELS

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

"LE SPORT"

That one touch of sporting nature that makes the whole world kin on the Boulevard des Italiens

Parisiana

By "RENÉ"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Our Communists are the funniest thing in Paris"

MES AMIS—

YOU are coming to Paris, I take it, this summer. Almost everybody is, so it may be assumed that Bystanders will form the cream of the visiting *mélange*. Well, on the assumption that you will be arriving sooner or later, I do not want you to be surprised if, on asking some native what you ought not to miss, he says, "Have you seen our Communists?" Do not make the mistake of thinking the query is some peculiar local joke. It is not. Our Communists are the funniest thing in Paris. They must have a different brand in Russia; otherwise life there would be less sombre.

OUR revelling "Reds" perform in the Chamber of Deputies and therefore furnish an entertainment *sans pareil* for nothing. All you have to do is to procure a ticket for the Chamber and instal yourself in the public tribunes about five o'clock. For a reason that nobody has yet fathomed that is feeding time for the lions and every day is feast day. They have a permanent lust for scrums, obviously their only purpose in Parliament, and the more peaceful the subject of debate, the greater their desire for a few rounds of catch-as-catch-can.

DURING the discussion of the amnesty—the law of pardon—they achieved a hand-to-hand fight in every session, which may reasonably be called a record in fistful persuasion. Perhaps you may querulously ask what they find to stimulate their ardour for *la boxe*. All I can do is to give their own account of the only incident which they have consented to explain. They were asked why twenty pairs of fists had thumped a certain Deputy of the Centre who had not opened his mouth. "Well, he is wearing a nigger-brown suit," was the reply, "and there are some of the comrades who don't like that." Combatants who can find such reasons for assault and battery are born entertainers. Why should politics be dull?

BUT if you accept advice about including a legislative boxing-match among Paris *spectacles*, be chary over agreeing to a midnight tour in the Bois de Boulogne to witness the Bacchanalia. The *guides marrons*, that is, dubious, have now included this in the programme of "special" Paris sights, but, as is usual with them, have included it rather late. That is not, however, why they are called "chestnut" guides—as you might have assumed. Two summers ago it was possible to witness a very colourable imitation of the Quat'z' Arts Ball in the fastnesses of the Bois, down by Longchamp, but the police heard about it some few weeks after there had been

"Posed in the Park."

long descriptions in the papers, and executed some very effective raiding. The police usually get to know about lively happenings rather late, but a few months after the information had drifted to them the *guides marrons* heard echoes about it and included an expensive Bois de Boulogne wander among their midnight shockers. In the interval, the people who promoted the pastoral entertainments had transferred their enterprise to the forest near Ville d'Avray, on the road to Versailles. Lately, the police have heard about this, but only because the motor-car of one party of roysterers hit a wall which was entirely innocent, not even having wobbled in emotion at the neighbouring spectacle. Most likely the "chestnut" guides will hear about Ville d'Avray, too, by the time, say, that it has been abandoned in favour of the woods at Vincennes.

APROPOS woods, there has been an unconscionable amount of fuss because a troop of chorus-girls, clad in little more than their beauty, posed in the woodland Parc de Versailles while a few thousand metres of film were being "shot." On close examination (of the question) it appears that the *demoiselles* who thus drew an unusual crowd of local residents to their almost forgotten park were *figurantes* from the revue of the Casino de Paris and were arrayed in the full three ounces of costume which they wear when *chez eux*.

THERE may be some persons who can sincerely assert that it is scandalous to figure in a tableau like this at Versailles and highly artistic to present it at the Casino de Paris, but the distinction will probably be too fine for the broad-minded Parisian public. Probably nothing would have been heard of the Versailles "scandal" but for the fact that the film was turned by an Austrian, who was at once alleged to be a German, trying to befoul France. For such are the ways of race-hatred.

People We Admire But Never Meet

BY D'EGVILLE

THE MAN WHO SAID HE COULDN'T DANCE AND PROVED IT

YOGO HAMA THE YACHTSMAN

"I do not very greatly adore this yacting"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

YOU are no doubtfully aware that this are Hampstead-Cowes week when proletariat and upper 10 comingle very democratically to enjoy their bank-holidays. These saidly bank-holidays, I bemuse, are a very Anglo institution and were invented by Acts of Parliament because otherwisely all industrial persons would diligently refuse to leave their so beloved toils, but continue to perform unmitigated labours till they suffered swoons or other disablements. To prevent so saddish mortalities to these ceaseless workers who could not be dragged from their virtuous labours, M.P.'s and other pious persons wrote a Bill which they then made lawful to produce a punishable offence as to wit vizly: Any persons, masc. or femn, who become illegitimate by performing tasks on bank-holidays or other acts, shall suffer very severeish and legal consequences by Vic. Cap.

"Ships filled to the chock with labour persons"

"Come, Mr. Y. Hama, these are so stale facts that every scholastic infantine could repeat same if standing on his head or otherwisely capsized. Kindly to proceed with commentings and not seek to display your so profoundish eruditions," you deplore? Perhapsly that are so, Hon. Sir, so I shall now make to only purvey goodish informations to assist non-sophisticates and other ignoramus persons.

We will 1-stly to consider the Cowes. This are not the so fragrant dairy quadrapetal of that name, but a very stylish yachting emporium in the Island of Wight which are now part of Hon. British Empire where slaves do not breathe but immediately become defunct. Missionary and other heavenly bodies have made very civilised the aboriginal natives who 1-ce solely inhabited this marine-girt island, so that persons can now go there without enjoying fears of being put in a pot to boil or otherwisely dished-up. Because of its so maritime situation, this island has grown very useful to sail boats from, especially yacts and suchly diminutive crafts who might become lost in non-inhabited waters. This has now become so very fashionable festive that no home or colonial person should die or perform *hara-kiri* before witnessing same, otherwisely he cannot boast to have lived, but only to have died in vain.

In the Cowes' week, the 10's forget they are uppers, proletariats forget they are crush, and all think only of making each others happy by promiscuously mingling to sail their boats. It are indeedly a delicious spectacular to witness ships filled to the chock with labour persons and suchly midlands from Manchester, Bradford, Wigan and other coal deposits suitably arrayed in their nautical garments. Armed with concertinoes, mouthing organs and other sweetish harmonical tools, they add considerable quotas to the gaiety and are greatly welcomed by the Dukes, Duchesses, and other peerages who love to observe their so innocent sportings. This makes produce a very delicious *entente cordiale* and grows good understandings between capital v labour who learn that each are human though of different soil.

Personally myself I confess you I do not very greatly adore this yacting except I witness same from a substantial terra-firma or other non-portable strata. An Hon. friend whom I do not any longer dote for, persuade me 1-ce to debark on a marine yact, which I did for my so many sins and made to quickly expatriate same with stupendous subterranean spasms and agonising remittances very painful to the eye.

Kindly to impardon this slightish depression and I shall now return with my muttons. All loyal sportings persons should not omit to witness the royal race for a cup when his Hon. Majesty sails H.M.S. Britannia for how fast it shall swim to a post. Hon. friend inform me this are very ticklish, because nautical competitents who raise their spankers or other non-fair advantages, sometimes have their heads decapitate or are cast into a Tower of London to languish of moans in a dungeon. This should be very goodish lesson to persons who seek to win cups by fouls and do not play cricket.

Cowes' week would dissolve to non-significance without Hon. Sir Lord T. Lipton in his Shamrock, a famous non-velocity boat which carried the cup to America. Because of his so generous gifting, Hon. Sir Lipton received a Bart, which he still wears. Afterwardsly he felt sorry for the cup

"Hon. Sir Lord T. Lipton in his Shamrock"

and made to retrieve it but with very complete non-success, because the Americans give him bad winds so that he are blown all the time the wrong way and other handicaps. When not able to procure detrimental winds, they make to build faster yacts when Hon. T. Sir Lipton are not looking and then race them against him. But Hon. Sir T. are a very good sportster and placed some hottish coals of fire on their heads by saying he adored suffering defeatments with yacts and should consider himself very non-lucky to achieve a win, because then he would not be enable to invent any more patent Shamrocks.

" Kindly to inform, Mr. Y. Hama, if sporting but non-marine persons can put their puntings on these nautical gees ? " you seek to require ? Indeedly yes, Hon. Sir, you shall find maritime Booking-gents who will give you 10 or other lucrative odds to 1 for a win or both ways. I have inform considerably of these so philantropical sportsters in heretoforely commentings, so shall not now make enlargements on same. Insteadly, permit I should divest myself of a small marine afflatus as vizly :

I love these yacts with
so snowish sails,
Blown along by
winds and other
gales,
But better it are I
think to stand,
And watch them
sink from some
dryish land.

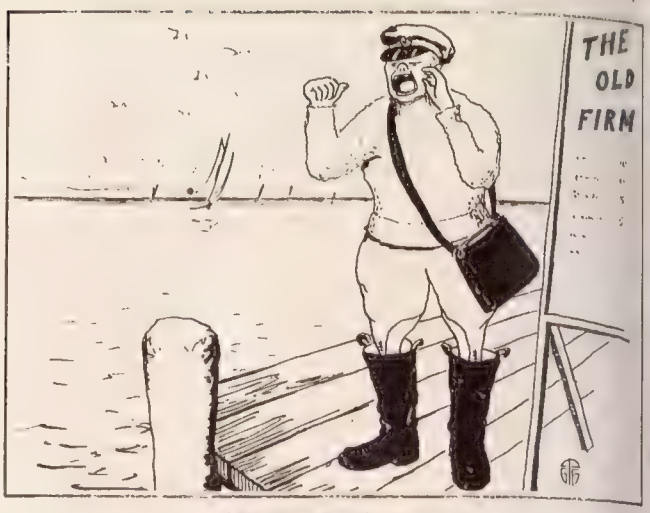
Ageds and delicate or peaceful persons who do not seek the so hectic pleasures of Cowes' week, but rustical environments with trees and other non-marine vegetables, should preamble to Hampsteads' Heath for the so delicious bank-holiday festive. Fashionable sportings like as shooting the cokernut or aiming to bottles with a gun, purvey quiet and innocent entertainings. Musical persons will acquire appropriate harmonic feasts from the delicious bands blown by steam or other compressions which are more powerful to the ear than man-blown winds and do not suffer fatigues. But most chiefly of all, I adore the circumambulatory horses which perform mechanical gallops with steam music to match.

Now I have arrive at the termination of my tethers and must fold up my pen.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your good healths continue excellently preserved, with good-feeding appetites concurrently

I remain,

Yogo Hama



"Maritime Booking-gents"

"I adore the circumambulatory horses"

Photograph] WINNER OF THE BLUE RIBAND OF BISLEY [*Sport and General*

The Prince of Wales with Pte. D. Burke, of Canada, who won the coveted King's Prize at Bisley this year. Pte. Burke, who is only nineteen years old, won the King's Prize with a score of 230 points out of a possible 250, and is the first King's Prizeman to win both the Gold and Bronze Medals

The Royal Visit to Loyal Ulster

Photograph AN ULSTER GROUP [*I. B.*

The Duke and Duchess of York, who recently paid a five-days visit to Ulster, photographed at the gathering in their honour. The group shows, seated: the Duke of York (left), the Duke of Abercorn, the Duchess of York and Lady Katherine Hamilton. Standing (left): Lieut. Buist, Lieut.-Commander Henderson, Captain Sir Basil Brooke, Capt. Martelli, the Hon. Mrs. Hardinge, Lady Katherine Meade, Capt. B. V. Brooke and Col. McClintock

Photographs

LANDING AT BANGOR

The Duke and Duchess landing at Bangor on their recent visit to Ulster. They later motored to Clandeboye, the Irish seat of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, where they were entertained during their stay

G. P. U.

AN INFORMAL PRESENTATION

Scout W. Gibson presenting a basket of flowers to the Duchess of York. The gift, which was made by the Bangor Scouts, took place on the terrace at Clandeboye

BOUNDARY LINES

THE SURREYITES

By "PENDARVES"

NOWHERE else in the whole wide world of cricket do you see such a diversity of God's creatures as at Kennington Oval when a game is toward. Nowhere so many types, so many expressions, grave and gay. Nowhere such intensity of partisan feeling as here. Sit, if you feel you must because of your station in life, in the plutocratic Pavilion or members' enclosure, and you will share, comfortably, as your forefathers did, in the ritual attendant upon an ordinary first-class county cricket match amid ordinary surroundings in drab old London.

But there will be nothing imaginative, or humorous, or inspiring about your surroundings in the members' pavilion. On the contrary, the sun will be slipping down the slope of the sky in the old steady way, the semi-somnolent *status quo* of the staid company round and about you will be maintained—and presently there will be tea, as there was yesterday, and will be to-morrow; they are beginning to rattle the cups already. "Dear me: five minutes past four? So it is; so it is. . . ."

No. The place where life, and the game, is a very vital, anxious thing, full of suppressions, half-muttered ejaculations, fears and joys and bitter disappointments is anywhere round the old Oval ground where a shilling will let you wander, stand or squeeze into a grudged space of seating. It is here that we live, shuffle our feet and have our unalterable opinions about the game in general and the immense superiority of our Surrey players over all other alleged cricketers about the scattered counties that most of us have never walked in.

It does not matter whether we are playing the as yet unbeaten Lancashire, or Linlithgow, or Londonderry, the drama, the tenseness, the quivering anticipation is the same always, day after holiday-stolen day. Surrey is batting. The sun is in the sky, fiercely, so that we stick our match card under our hats against the force of her; it is a batsman's wicket; the enemy, greatly daring, and with "some crool charnces" knocked up 327 Saturday; "Jeacocke got 'isself caught for 19—it couldn't be 'elped, ball got up shockin', it did—but this 'ere Jardine is fair set now an' no bloomin' error. E'll make a century, see if 'e don't. And wot with 'im an' little Baldwin, just come in an' only Jeacocke's an' Peach's wicket down—w-e-ll wot more d'yer want?" Nothing. The summit of the cricket elysium is reached.

The Oval crowd when things are going well and—

—The same crowd when Surrey is *not* doing well

SKETCHES BY "RIP"

You, a base outsider, far too well dressed to be honest, and glanced at with sour suspicion because you are taking notes with a silver pencil, insinuate yourself among them. A Lancastrian, ejected at dawn from an excursion train and killing the birds of the Oval and Wembley with one stone, has also taken up a lone and precarious position in the serried ranks of the shilling camp. Stung to irritable speech by the mounting score of Jardine, he drops an acid remark or two upon the ether, addressed to the world at large and to nobody in particular, indistinguishable, but reflecting in some vague way upon the *amour propre* of the Surrey club and ground. Then are the monosyllabic flails let loose upon him.

". . . Yus: flukers; that's wot the Lancashire team is. We play *cricket* down 'ere; yes; cricket (pause) . . . an' wot's more, if 'Obbs 'd bin 'ere Saturday 'e'd 'ave 'ad the 'ole bloomin' lot of yer out—quick, too." The Lancastrian, unversed in the deadly intricacies of Jackobbs's bowling, maintains a lofty silence. But he is evidently brooding upon the slur cast on the fame of Lancashire, for he murmurs disgustedly at little Baldwin's cautious stone-walling tactics: "d'know 'ow 'e stays there at all. Makepeace did *score*, anyway; one 'undred an' twenty is wot 'e made s'far I recollec'. . . ."

"Yus" (from the opposition) "an' in 'ow long? Four n'arf hours was it, or five? Five, s'far's I recollec." The speaker winks gravely at his neighbours. "Cricket's wot we plays down ere—not dominoes. . . ." An armed truce follows, until verbal shell fire breaks out again.

And throughout the stifling heat of the Monday afternoon they sit and crouch upon stone step or narrow bench holding in their eyes the agony of defeat, the blood lust of victory, the pathos of a possible draw.

It is from this black welter of packed humanity that the game is played stroke by cunning stroke. Here where the real critic is, here where the love of the game burns like a fierce flame. Cricketers in the abstract they most of them are, onlookers at others' joys by necessity, but with the grim content bred of inurement.

In some minds these are the "don't matters" of London. There was never more stupid an error. For it is they, the Surreyites of the cricketing world, who help materially with their keen party spirit to maintain the high standard of a great game.

"Listening" to Cricket

"Rip," whose cricketing sketches are well-known to BYSTANDER readers, is editor and cartoonist-in-chief of an amusing cricketing book, *The Empire Cricket Annual*, which is being sold at the modest price of 1s. on behalf of St. Dunstan's Cricketers' Fund. Among "Rip's" contributors are Lord Harris, G. L. Jessop, Jack Hobbs, and F. B. Wilson. In his "Apologia"—surely a misnomer this!—"Rip" says: "The idea of this little booklet came to me one day at Lord's when I sat near a group of blinded soldiers *listening* to the cricket!" Some of us who have eyes to see have been known to vaunt our enthusiasm for cricket. After this, we can but wonder—and pay our humble shillings.

A Sardou Heroine

Specially drawn for THE BYSTANDER *by* HOWARD SMITH

MISS GLADYS COOPER

The heroine of "Diplomacy" which is still going strong at the Adelphi. This portrait is executed in a new litho-mezzotint method

Trouble in Store

BY STAN TERRY

WIFE *(who has lost husband in large store)*: "Where on earth have you been during the last half-hour, Joe?"
HUSBAND: "Er—only watching the side-shows, dear!"

That Go To—Holiday—Feeling

By Blanchette.

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

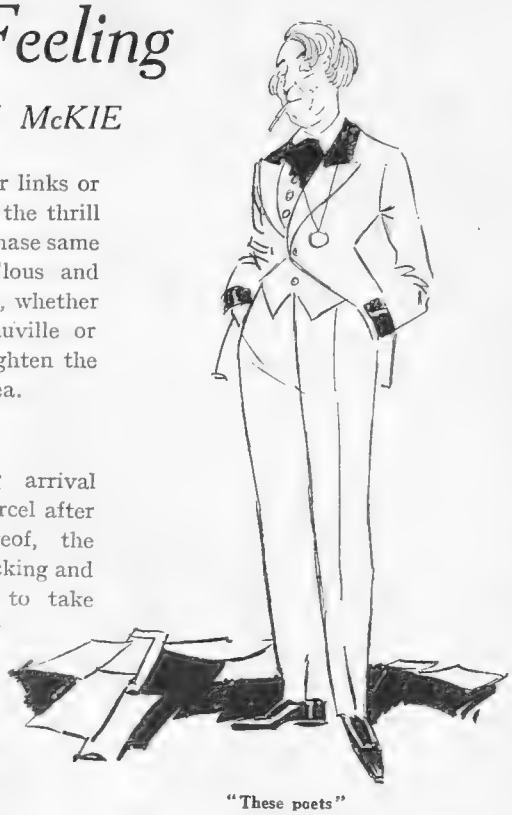
LONDON, *July* 28

DEAR COUSIN—

WE'RE off, we're off, at last we're off . . . or, anyway, just on the very point or ultimate verge and edge thereof, which is, 'cording to the philosophers, even more thrilling and d'lightful. Pleasures of anticipation being by all the rules of all the best 'thorities at least half the battle, so to speak, or more—and there's, at any rate, 'nough of a *soupçonette* of fact at the bottom of the philosophic potion to make it worth just a glance and a sip, as you might say, 'spite of suchlike wise sayings and proverbs being mostly a bit duddish as a Guide to Life for Bright Young People when the band's really playing—what?

SOME j[illegible] cert'nly to be culled from holid[illegible] prelims. (did I mention that was the affair in hand?) and the various preparations therefor. The annual a[illegible] inevitable discovery, f'rinstance, that there's simply millions and mill[illegible] of things we want and couldn't p[illegible]ibly be seen dead, even on the remotest beach or *plage* or links or mountain-top, without. And the thrill of faring forth rapidly to purchase same against the clock—all marv'lous and heartening bargains, somehow, whether it's that final frock for Deauville or the new bathing-gown to brighten the scenery at Shrimpington-on-Sea.

AND then the fasc'nating arrival by swift messenger of parcel after parcel of the results thereof, the 'parently hopeless chaos of packing and quite insoluble prob. of what to take and what to leave, and utter impossibility of getting it all done in time, what with taxis and things to order and places to lock up and a perfectly good cat to say a sad goodbye to, and all the rest. . . . But, all the time, right down at the depths of your heart, the little tiny singing whisper of Holiday Optimism, the comforting feeling that, somehow, everything'll be all right in the end, and always was and will be for ever-and-ever-amen . . . in *this* partic'lar kind of crisis, anyway.



"These poets"

NOT that it's all *quite* over yet, all the same—the 'citements and the perils, I mean. As Mr. Harold Monro, the Georgian, writeth in his *Journey*:

How many times I nearly miss the train
By running up the staircase once again
For some dear trifle almost left behind. . . .

And don't feel altogether and entirely safe and prop'ly launched meself, do you, till we're really "derived" at the station, as Mrs. 'Arris puts it, and duly and truly ticketed and launched, and—

. . . The stationmaster waves. The train
Moves to the shining open land, and soon
Begins to tittle-tattle a tame tattoon.

Whatever a tattoon may be.

POETIC licence, I s'pose, or words to that effect, seeing that *something'd* simply *got* to rhyme with "soon." But terribly licentious lot, you know, these poets. Like Byron, *par exemple*. Who, 'parently, 'cording to one of our best Deans or Bishops or something, "partly by his own openly dissolute life and partly by the influence of licentious verse," got such a world-wide reputation—no, not for poetry, but for "immorality"—that they won't have a tablet to him in the Abbey, not at any price, even after a hundred years.

EVEN though quite fairly respectable kind of people asked for it, like Lord Balfour and Lord Rosebery and

"Parcel after parcel"

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, not to mention Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. E. V. Lucas. Well, well, good thing there's *some* one to look after our morals, isn't it, when no less than four ex-P.M.'s all at the same time 've got (to quote aforesaid cleric) such a "low standard of opinion." . . . ?

卐

But that's by the way, isn't it, and, after all, what *do* the little tiny things and people and ideas matter when all the littlenesses are swept behind and we're being joyfully and recklessly beckoned into space?

For the sea calls, and the stars call,
And oh! the call of the sky. . . .

Everything mopped out for the time being by the Big Adventure—for that's, after all, isn't it, dear cousin, what the Real Holiday is? A 'plete packing away, I mean, of all one's ord'nary life and worries, and writing a 'tirely new story on a 'tirely new slate, for a week or two or three or four or more—doesn't matter exactly how long, methinks, any more than (said she, heretically) where you do it.

卐

Within certain limits, that is. For such as dwell in London, f'rinstance, and have been hearing the chimes at midnight (and then some) comes a time, *n'est-ce pas*, when quite overwhelmingly and irresistibly one feels—

London's streets are gold—
Ah, give me leaves a-glinting . . .
London water's wine
Poured out for all unstinting
God! for the little brooks
That trouble as they run!

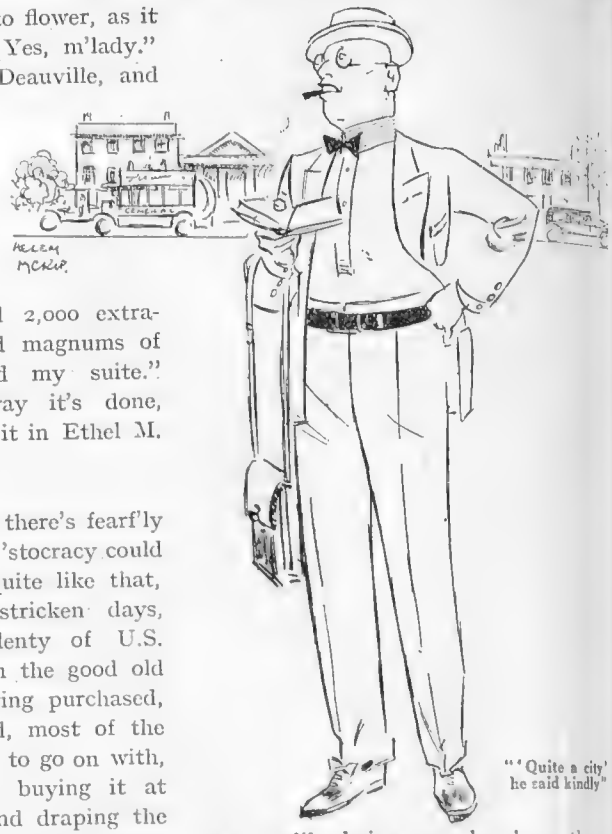
And then arrives an ungovernable yearning for some spacious, restful spot, where—

A wind sways the pines
And below
Not a breath of wild air. . . .

But can just imagine that for others the prescripsh. might be quite different. And if you passed 11¾ peaceful months per ann. at Mudcombe-on-the-Marsh with parish bazaar and harvest thanksgiving as sole excitement, even Wigan might be a nice change for a day, or possibly two.

卐

Am almost prepared, wherefore, to drop wellnigh a whole silent tear of sympathy for such as know not the whole mystic meaning of that magic word Holidays, or in the select scholastic vernacular, Hols. For them, I mean, to whom the gates never swing suddenly open, because they always stand wide. Who just press a button and are wafted *sans* effort from flower to flower, as it were. "Thompson!" "Yes, m'lady." "Pack my things for Deauville, and order the plane for eleven o'clock to-morrow morning." Or—"Williams, we leave for Biarritz to-night. Arrange all about specials, and see that the usual 2,000 extra-special Larranagas and magnums of Bollinger await me and my suite." Am sure that's the way it's done, 'cos I've read all about it in Ethel M. Dell or somewhere.



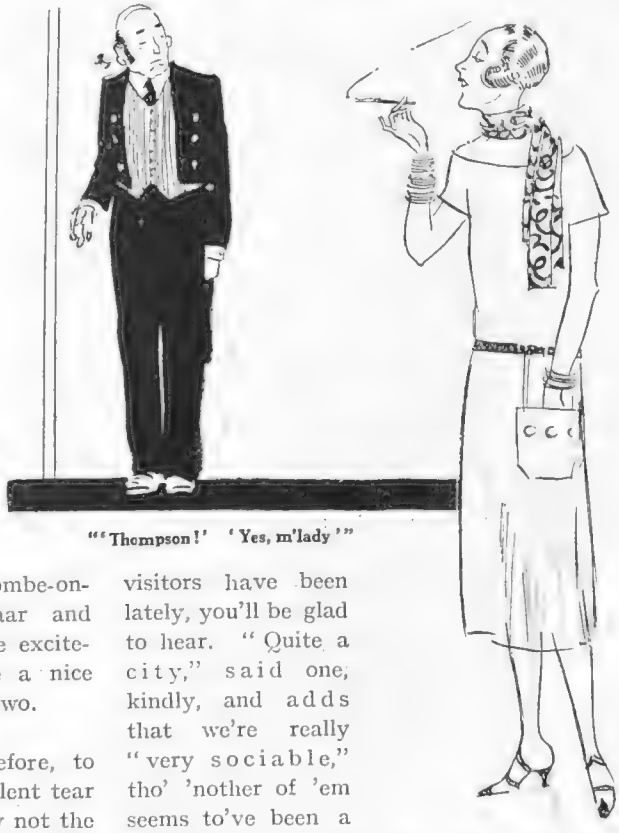
"'Quite a city' he said kindly"

卐

Not altogether sure there's fearf'ly many of our own 'stocracy could quite afford to do it quite like that, p'raps, these poverty-stricken days, but anyway there's plenty of U.S. millionaires to carry on the good old traditions, what?—having purchased, meanwhile, so I'm told, most of the shoots in Scotland just to go on with, not to mention fairly buying it at Goodwood this week and draping the Stars and Stripes over the dinkiest 1000-ton or so yachts for Cowes.

卐

Pos'tively almost fulsome about this little old burg, by the way, some of our American 'stinguished visitors have been lately, you'll be glad to hear. "Quite a city," said one, kindly, and adds that we're really "very sociable," tho' 'nother of 'em seems to've been a bit worried by there being no trams running along Bond Street and Piccadilly and Pall Mall, and not a single building of forty storeys or even thirty. But takes all sorts to make a world, doesn't it?


"'Thompson!' 'Yes, m'lady'"

Feel like being very low-brow these days though, as they say, don't you, and can't even be rightly and properly indignant meself over Lord Banbury and his rude remarks about women M.P.'s not being much good, which has fairly put the fat in the fire. Or be moved to emotion even concerning the anti-night-club campaign that some of our censorious censors are running for all they're worth—"those cesspools of decadence" and "sinks of iniquity," etcet,

卐

Don't really seem to matter too awfully terribly, somehow, any of these burning problems of the moment, when you've gotten (as our U.S. friends put it) right into the grip of that mood of Holiday Optimism, with the primitive optimists of the schools (male and female) all let loose to back you up in your frivolous folly, and the Call of the Wild doing its annual d——dest in our own quiet civilian way. Even M.P.'s succumbing to the seductive call thereof next week, by the way, and the Rodeo steers all safely gone to grass—so lures of the modern Babylon can wait for at least a week . . . or two, or three, or four, or more. . . .

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette

The Slave to Habit

BY E. T. REED

Our artist gives us a tragic example of how the duties of a professional toastmaster may affect the even tenor of his way to a quite remarkable extent

FEMINA

Photograph] A PROBLEM PLAY? [*Bassano*

Miss Cicely Courtneidge enjoying a special matinée of that popular comedy—and occasionally tragedy—"Golf" during an off moment from the labours of her revue work. Her husband, Mr. Jack Hulbert, recently presented a new edition of "The Little Revue," at the Little Theatre

MIRRORS.

By MRS. M. VINCE

Backwards and forwards and sideways did she pass,
Making up her mind to face the cruel looking-glass.

ONE of the oddest things ever said about mirrors was said by an American. He is President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, and he has written one of the best of modern books on the decoration of houses. "Mirrors, in the Jacobean times," he says, "were non-essentials. *Personal appearance during the first half of that period was not a matter for serious consideration.*"

You cannot help reading that again. Can it really be said seriously? Americans, I suppose, do not count the centuries as we count them. To them, Jacobean times seem much more remote than to us. But do they really seem as utterly remote as that? It would make Queen Elizabeth turn in her grave if she knew that in that country whose first State was named Virginia in her honour, it is now believed that "personal appearance was not a matter for serious consideration" until some time after her death.

THERE was vanity, and there were mirrors, long before her time. All the little glass mirrors to-day, which are continually being produced from hand-bags, in 'buses and restaurants and the street, while faces are powdered and lips touched up, are only the modern equivalent of the little mirrors of steel or silver which women carried in their pockets or hanging at their girdles a thousand years ago. That is to go back far beyond Jacobean times, but it is only to go a very little way, for mirrors must be almost as old as vanity itself. But they are not all vanity. If they were nothing but that, we should have neither so many nor such beautiful mirrors. Mixed with the vanity there has always been a touch of magic—from the bronze mirrors of Japan which can reflect on a wall the decoration which is on their backs, to the custom of covering mirrors in rooms where the dead lie; from the legend of Narcissus to the Adventures of Alice, and the Green Mirror, and Mr. Kipling's beautiful poem "The Looking-Glass," with its ghosts and its weeping queen.

AND yet, though they are nearly as old as two of the oldest things in the world, vanity and a love of magic, they are almost new as part of the decoration of an English room. They were not there in Jacobean times. They came at the time of the Restoration. But they did not come as the result of any extraordinary change in human nature. Vanity did not suddenly appear for the first time in the reign of Charles II with a mirror in her hand, and hang it up on the wall. Nor did the ladies of the Restoration make the unexpected discovery one day that they were beautiful. As with the wars of Troy—which historians say were fought about trade and not because of Helen at all—the explanation is much more prosaic.

VENICE had learnt the secret of making mirrors of glass, and had found how to make them in large numbers; and wealthy people all over Europe began to buy them. They were a new fashion and a great luxury. It would seem very odd now if the City of London were to present the King, or any one else, with a mirror, but there are silver-framed mirrors at Windsor which were presents from the City, made at that time. And a wealthy Frenchman had a large Venetian mirror which was valued at three times as much as a painting which he had by Raphael! Mirrors were the fashion.

IT was at this time that the first glass mirrors were made in England, of the famous Vauxhall glass now so much desired by collectors, that glass which has a shadow in it so that it has almost the appearance of a metal surface. The eighteenth century used mirrors a great deal, and made their frames of many materials, from coloured glass and walnut to ebony and lacquer and tortoiseshell—there are glass-framed mirrors at Hampton Court; but the favourite material was gilt wood. The designs were just as varied as the materials, and one can get some idea of them from the Period Rooms in the Palace of Art at Wembley. There are two beautiful tall mirrors in the 1750 room, and in the Regency room a convex mirror hanging over the mantelpiece, beautiful also, but in a very different way, with its bold gilt frame crowned by a lion.

IT is these convex mirrors which give the most beautiful reflection, clear and small, a picture of the room seen at a distance. The 1852 room has its mirror also, an immense mirror standing on the mantelpiece and covering the whole face of the chimney-piece up to the cornice. Its frame has no beauty, and it is far too large. It is simply a great piece of glass. But it was through such a mirror that Alice went into Looking-Glass Land, so that, ugly though they may be, we think of these mid-Victorian mirrors with gratitude. There the different types of mirror stop. The 1888 room has a convex mirror—hung rather too high to give a good reflection, for a mirror should be hung like a picture, at a height at which one can see into it—and the modern dining-room, with its painted walls, has no mirror at all.

BUT neither in that, nor in anything else, is it really typical of modern decorating. The mirror is too beautiful a thing to leave out of our rooms. It can be used to increase the light; it adds to the feeling of space; it is like a picture on the walls, but a picture which can be used where others cannot. A wall-paper must be simply a background if you have pictures. If you choose a paper for its own beauty, a paper with a pronounced design and colours, then you spoil both paper and pictures by having pictures as well. But on such a paper you can hang mirrors, for they give a picture of the room itself.

Photograph] AFTER THE WEDDING [*Keith Dannatt*

Mr. Arthur Peacock, elder son of Mr. Joseph Peacock, of Wallasey, and his bride, Miss Edith Prescott, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Trevor Prescott, of Surbiton, photographed after their marriage. They spent their honeymoon in the Channel Isles

Triumphant Middlesex at Eastbourne

THE VICTORIOUS FINALISTS

The Middlesex Team who beat [Staffordshire in the Inter-County final by the comfortable margin of five matches to one. The only match lost was the one in which Middlesex's third pair went to E. V. Jones and J. G. Hogan. The group shows: S. N. Doust (left), G. R. Sherwell, F. T. Stowe, W. A. Ingram, G. Crole-Rees and H. S. Owen.

Photographs] MORE MIDDLESEX WINNERS *[Sport and General*

The Middlesex ladies' team which defeated the East of Scotland team by eight matches to one in the final round. The group comprises: Miss E. D. Holman (left), Mrs. Van Praagh, Mrs. Beamish, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Miss E. R. Clarke and Miss E. M. Head. (Inset): Miss J. A. Scott and Miss C. T. Duncan, two of the East of Scotland players who lost to Middlesex in the Inter-County Championships at Devonshire Park

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

At Aintree

WE saw some excellent racing at the Summer meeting at Liverpool last week. Needless to say, the Stanley House stable, which usually contrives to be in form at Aintree, picked up some of the chief prizes. Those connected with Moabite came in for a splendid reception when that colt carried off the Abbeystead Plate on Thursday in Lord Derby's colours. On the preceding day the stable had scored heavily when Sunstone won the Molyneux Cup for Mrs. Arthur James. This sportswoman keeps only a few horses in training in these days, and it is always pleasant to see the lilac jacket carried to the front. One remembers the time when these colours were worth following at Goodwood. The late Mr. Arthur James always tried to win races at the Sussex meeting, and he had a notable record of victories in the Goodwood Cup.

"Glorious"—and Otherwise

THERE is every prospect of a brilliant meeting at Goodwood this week. The going promises to be in first-class condition, and there is no reason for any scarcity of runners. All that is needed to make the meeting a real bumper is fine weather. We often read of "Glorious" Goodwood, and that description is accurate enough when the sun shines. But most of us will recollect Goodwoods which have been the reverse of glorious. The rain has come down dismally, and the sea mist has blotted out the landscape. Those, however, are unpleasant memories, and it is earnestly to be hoped that they will not be associated with the meeting this week.

The Cup

THE Goodwood Cup on Thursday should produce a good race. The event is one of historic interest, and one can recall many thrilling struggles which it has produced. Perhaps the one which has lasted longest in memory

By "The Tout"

MR. S. W. BEER

The lucky young owner of Diomedes, the season's crack two-year-old

was that supposed to be practically a walk-over for Bayardo. Tremendous odds were betted on that horse, and more than one punter risked a small fortune on him with the object of making "his week's expenses." It was regarded as absolutely a gilt-edged investment. To the horror of his backers, Bayardo was beaten by Magic. The result was probably a great fluke, but still those who had laid the odds on the favourite had to pay up with as much cheerfulness as they could command.

Teresina's Chance

AMONG the probable runners for the Cup this week is Teresina. The Aga Khan is very anxious to win a cup race with this filly before she retires from the racecourse. This would seem to be a good opportunity for her success. She is a remarkably good stayer, and the chief thing against her is that the Whatcombe stable is very much out of form at the present time. However, the spell of bad luck cannot last very long in this well-managed stable, and I look for the success of **Teresina**. What a race it will be if Tranquil opposes her!

Notable Races

ANOTHER of the interesting long-distance events of the meeting is the Goodwood Stakes, which is to be run on Wednesday. Mr. Sol Joel's stable is at the top of its form just now, and I shall not be surprised to see it carry off this race with **Battleship**, who will probably represent the establishment in preference to Portlight. On the following day the Drayton Handicap may be won by **Brig o' Doon**. I select him the more readily because the Beckhampton stable usually does well at this meeting. On Friday I make **Daughter-in-Law** my selection for the Chesterfield Cup, as I am sure she can improve upon her recent performance at Sandown.

POLO NOTES . . . . By A. W. Coaten

A Poor Season

LAST week the London Polo season came to an end. During the ensuing month polo forces will be distributed among the various tournaments which are to be played at the country clubs or on the Continent. Nobody will feel disposed to shed a tear of regret over the passing of the London season. It was one of the most disappointing within memory. The chief cause was the deplorably bad weather experienced all through May and for the first half of June. This meant a complete dislocation of tournament arrangements. For weeks together not a ball was struck at the London clubs. Tournaments like the Whitney Cup and the Social Clubs' Cup had to be abandoned. When better weather arrived, the leading competitions failed to meet with their usual success. Neither the Open Cup at Ranelagh nor the Champion Cup at Hurlingham attracted anything like the customary interest.

The Big Tournaments

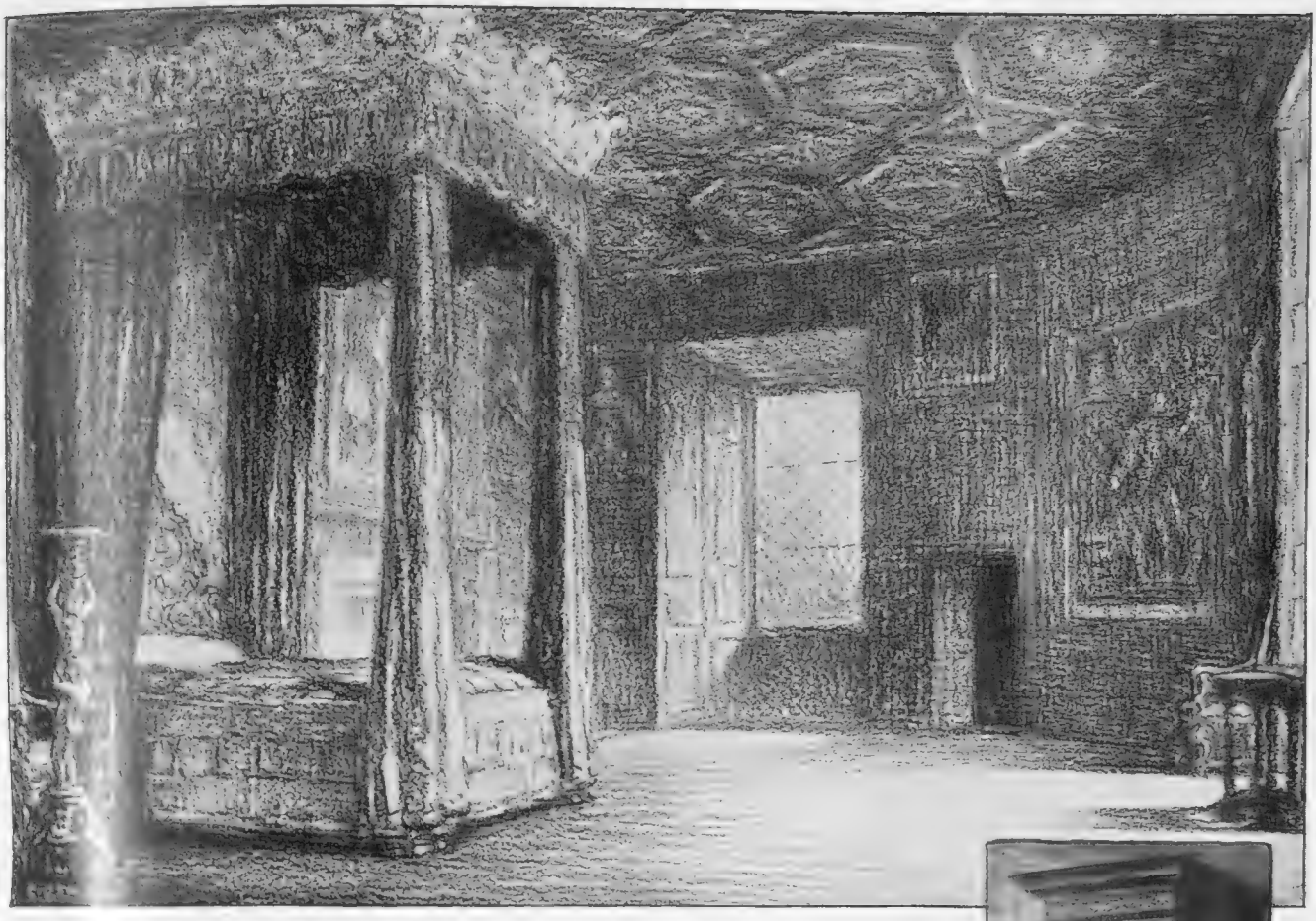
WE sadly missed the stirring struggles of former seasons in those tournaments. Nor did the final stages of the Inter-Regimental help to improve matters, as this tournament was again practically a walk-over for the 17th-21st Lancers. The chief honours of the season were borne off by the Eastcott team. This was a very cosmopolitan formation, comprising, in the first place, two Americans in Mr. Stephen Sanford and Mr. E. W. Hopping, an Anglo-Argentine in Mr. John Traill, and an ex-Guardsman in Major J. F. Harrison. This beautifully mounted combination carried off the Ranelagh Cup. Mr. Sanford then left for the United States, and his place was filled by a Belgian player, Mr. Alfred Grisar. The team did not have much trouble in winning the championship at Hurlingham, and as they also won the Coronation Cup at Ranelagh, they may be said practically to have swept the board of London's chief polo honours.

The American Venture

NO doubt we should have seen better competition in the leading tournaments if they had not come at a time when our team for America was being built up. Owing to the extension of time (due to the international matches being played in September instead of in June) we had hoped that our team would have been settled upon long before the end of the London season. For one reason and another, however, the Selection Committee found themselves unable to make a definite choice. At the present time Colonel Melvill, Majors Phipps-Hornby and Hurndall, and Mr. Lacey constitute our probable line-up at Meadow Brook, but three other players are to accompany them on the voyage across the Atlantic, and it is quite likely that eleventh hour changes will be made in the team.

Our Ponies

THE ponies left England at the end of last week, and will have a month in which to become acclimatised before the first of the International games. The experts declare that our stud this year is not so good as those which have been sent to America on former occasions, but I am hopeful that pessimism in this direction will not be justified. Perhaps the best mounted of the probable members of our team is Colonel Melvill, who has taken out half a dozen ponies of his own. Five of these went to America last year, and did good service there. The sixth is a Chilian pony, purchased a few weeks ago from Mr. Victor Raby expressly to play in America.



Holyroodhouse—Mary, Queen of Scots' Bedroom.

The Black Rood of Scotland

LEGEND has it that David I. of Scotland founded an Abbey at Holyrood as a thank-offering for a miraculous escape from death. Unseated while hunting, a mysterious flaming cross appeared to protect him from being gored by an angry hart. More probably, however, the Abbey was built by this same King to house the famous gold cross, said to contain a splinter of the true Cross and known as the Black Rood. This national emblem was carried before the Scottish armies into battle, but was captured by the English and lost during the Reformation.

Holyroodhouse early became the abode of the Scottish Kings, and its history almost epitomises that of Scotland. Many times it has been partially destroyed in foray or riot, but there yet remain portions of each period to interest the antiquarian and student of history, notably the apartment associated with the beautiful but ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots. Charles I. was here crowned King of Scots and what is more probable than that "John Haig" was present at the following festivities, for even then —nearly 300 years ago—this King of Scotch Whiskies was famous.

By Appointment

Clock in Lord Darnley's room. Late 17th century period.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

St. James's 35.

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

THE Basque country is not as well known to Englishmen as it ought to be, and the Pyrenees, about which we used to be told so much during the geography hour at school, remain in our minds only as the range of mountains which separate France from Spain. In reality they embrace a quaint fairyland where old customs and old games survive—and where you may see some of the most picturesque scenery in all the world. I have been particularly charmed by a delightfully produced volume written by Mrs. Oakley and sumptuously illustrated by drawings from her husband's clever pen, called *Hill Towns in the Pyrenees* (Long: 21*s.* net). This is no dull geography book, but a live and sometimes even thrilling account of an unconventional tour through the mountains, with a host of good stories and old legends, and a series of vignettes of modern Basque life such as I have not seen before. The author and illustrator between them have certainly managed to produce a book which is as informative as it is entertaining.

WE do not expect Americans to be particularly interested in stories about Oxford or Cambridge, and such stories of American University life as are published in this country generally manage to bewilder the British reader. That, of course, is not difficult to understand. There may be plenty of traditions common to Oxford and Yale, but the life of a freshman "over there" and undergraduate life at home are two very different things. I am inclined to think, however, that Professor Percy Marks's novel, *The Plastic Age* (Selwyn and Blount: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which I understand has had a great success in the States, will not puzzle, though it may slightly shock, the Englishman who reads it. I suppose it may be called a sort of American *Loom of Youth*. Its truth can hardly be doubted. It is uncomfortable, in places bitter, very outspoken, at times ugly, but always interesting. And it leaves you wondering—about many things.

ALL of which reminds me that Mr. E. F. Benson has fallen in with the wishes of many of his readers, and in *David of King's* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) gives us a further account of that jolliest of young mortals, David Blaize. David's three years at Cambridge, as here chronicled, may bore a few disgruntled old dons, but I imagine that they must delight almost everybody else. Of story there is little enough, but you don't want a story. Here is David, whom you cannot help loving, playing games very well, ragging in a legitimate way, enjoying every moment of his life, with his old friends Frank Maddox and "Bags." He gets a blue for real tennis—the book, by the way, is the only novel I know which describes in any detail a match at this King of Games—and plays for the 'Varsity at cricket, and in his third year he does enough work to get—well, what degree he obtains you must find out for yourself. It is all very light and gracious, and the fooling is admirably done. The ineffable A. C. will easily be recognised by any Cambridge man, and in the few serious passages, which show David changing from boy to man, there is matter for pleasant reflection. To me, at any rate, the book proved a joy, and I would not object to another four or five volumes devoted to David, who is certain to do very well for himself in the future.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON
An impression of a well-known author by R. Nelson

MR. ROBERT ELSON'S new novel, *Quack* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a peculiar book which will intrigue you. A great surgeon discovers a method of prolonging life, but hesitates to give his discovery to the world. He is not sure, you see, that all people deserve to have their lives prolonged. For this reason he is, technically speaking, a quack. The novel shows him exercising for a given period a judgment which, by ordinary ethical standards, should not belong to man. At the end of this period he learns what his wife always knew. Put thus, I am afraid, the book does not sound wildly thrilling, but Mr. Elson has a keen eye for the drama of things, and the stories woven about Harding Fullar's various "cases" are very well told. In fact, the book is wholly out of the ordinary, and I commend it to your attention.

ALL the sports of the Empire seem to be included in Major Harding Cox's sprightly first novel, *The Amateur's Derby* (Heath Cranton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which, however, contains a very good, if old-fashioned, story. The author is fortunately in the position, not always shared by his brother novelists, of really knowing about all there is to be known of the sports he is describing, and whether his hero is fishing, or coursing, or hunting, or winning the Derby, you know that you are reading the real thing. Incidentally, his love affairs take a curious turn of their own. And there is no nonsense about Major Cox. He tells his story forthrightly, and a spade is called a spade in a decently virile manner.

I AM no great judge of poetry, but there seems to me to be some very good things in Lady (A.) Scott's volume, *The Secret Night and Other Poems* (The Medici Society: 5*s.* net). The long poem "Invention" gives illumination to a powerful idea. There is, too, a peculiar charm in some of the writer's Indian lyrics, and a quiet beauty in the more purely descriptive pieces. "The Moor" opens with a line which stays even in my unretentive memory. But you must judge for yourselves.

I AM glad to see that Meredith's first prose work, *The Shaving of Shagpat* (Constable: 5*s.* net), has now been added to the Mickleham edition. For some reason or other people seem to fight shy of this Arabian Entertainment, but it is mightily good, and if you have been content to read only Meredith's better-known works you have a treat in store for you when you open the extravagant story of Shagpat.

Comparison is Convincing

Look closely at them side by side—real pearls and Ciro Pearls—and we challenge you to distinguish any difference in lustre, texture or colour. The supreme art of pearl reproduction is represented by Ciro Pearls. Scientific research lays the foundation of these perfect replicas of deep-sea pearls, while life-long study of each characteristic of the originals enables skilled craftsmen to add the finishing touch of realism to Ciro Pearls.

Thus, at a moderate price you can wear what everyone who sees them believes to be the rarest of the real.

Ciro Pearls

We cordially invite everyone to inspect the unique collection of Ciro Pearls at our showrooms, or we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with solid gold clasp in beautiful case, for One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and compare them with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable, you may return them to us and we will refund your money in full.

May we send you our Pearl Booklet No. 7, post free?

Ciro Pearls Ltd

178 REGENT ST. LONDON W. 1. Dept 7
48 OLD BOND ST. LONDON W. 1
44 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON E.C. 2
25 CHURCH ST. LIVERPOOL
AND WEMBLEY EXHIBITION (PALACE OF INDUSTRY).

KELVIN MOTOR LAUNCHES

OBTAINABLE FROM STOCK
FOR PLEASURE
FOR COMFORT
FOR CONVENIENCE

FITTED with the famous "Kelvin" or "Kelvin Sleeve" Engines, correctly installed and carefully tested afloat by the actual manufacturers, the range of KELVIN Launches offer a wide choice of skilfully designed and reliably constructed craft suitable for sea and river service. Our Catalogue, containing informative diagrams and full particulars, will be sent immediately upon request.

25 to 30 finished hulls are usually carried in stock so that the more popular models are always available for immediate delivery.

THE BERGIUS COMPANY LTD, DOBBIES LOAN GLASGOW.

FOR HOLIDAY READING

(1) Stephen Leacock's

New Humorous Book

The Garden of Folly

A Picture of the World We Live In.
Just Out. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
An Ideal Holiday Companion.

(2) The Wonders of Salvage

By DAVID MASTERS. Author of 'The Romance of Excavation,' etc. With 48 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

"I have rarely read a book more consistently fascinating than this. There is scarcely a page without its record of some amazing feat of courage or skill or endurance or almost unimaginable patience. . . . A great little book. I most warmly commend it to you for holiday reading."—Stuart Hodgson in the *Daily News*.

(3) A Holiday Fiction List

Vagabond Love. By JESSIE CHAMPION
Five in Family. By E. H. ANSTRUTHER (Mrs. J. C. Squire).
Sheriff's Deputy. By G. V. McFADDEN.
The Reasonable Hope. By KATHARINE BURDEKIN.
Cup of Silence. By ARTHUR J. REES.

Cut this out and send it to your Bookseller or Library

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD., VIGO ST. W.1

℄ *"A holiday in itself."*
—YORKSHIRE POST.

To Venice and Back in a Two-Seater

By E. HALFORD ROSS

"A blithe record of a motor tour written with such high spirits and such swing that it will be read with pleasure even by those who have not yet succumbed to the joys of motoring."
—*Daily Mail.*

"Not a travel book in the ordinary sense, and certainly not a guide book, but rather an impressionist and irresponsible diary of a trip by two tyros in tyre travel."
—*Manchester Daily Dispatch.*

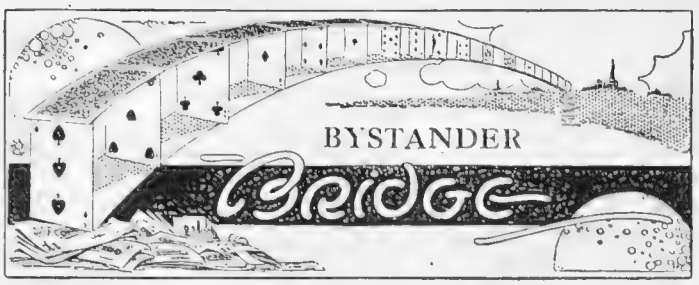
"Too full of boisterous humour to be called a traveller's tale. It is all excellent reading; there is not a dull page in it."
—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

"There is a gay rush in the narrative that most agreeably suggests a good run on a fine day through a pleasant country full of interesting associations."—*New Statesman.*

6/- net

"That it is just the sort of book you want to read, never dull, never guide-bookish, never didactic. You read on and enjoy every page."
—*Bystander.*

Published by Cassell's



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

DOUBLING "ONE NO-TRUMPS"

It is remarkable that people say the rudest things across the card-table—things they would scarcely dare to say elsewhere—without any offence being taken. Sometimes, however, players rush to the opposite extreme and take offence too readily. At almost every club you will find one or two members who are not on speaking terms with each other and who refuse to make up a rubber because of some card-room quarrel. Committees are often called upon to investigate into complaints of rudeness. Sometimes they are very trivial. A sense of humour and a gift for repartee are very useful at Bridge. It is really puerile to take too seriously a hasty remark made in the heat of the moment. As the player who was accused of insulting his partner, the said partner having murdered his hand, said: "Well, only those who understand the game can realise the provocation I had."

. . . . . .

In the old Whist days it was just the same. "Cavendish" gives numerous anecdotes of occurrences at the club which sometimes led to serious quarrels and estrangements.

The following severe retort was good-humouredly taken; but possibly the retortee did not see to the bottom of it.

S———— was a very moderate player who "fancied" himself. Holding only two trumps, he deliberately forced his partner, contrary to all sound Whist doctrines. The consequence was that S———— lost the game, which he would easily have saved had he not violated a simple elementary principle.

F. (S————'s partner, a great player, in a tone of injured remonstrance): "How *could* you force me with only two trumps?"

S———— defended his play as well as he could, on the ground of the score, and of what he considered to be the peculiar nature of his hand.

F.: "Well, I cannot think you were justified."

Here the matter would have dropped, but S————, a very impetuous creature, lost his temper.

S. (firing up): "I don't agree with you, that's all."

Now, if F———— had said, "I don't value your opinion," or "don't think it worth having," S———— would have been furious. But F———— managed to say this in another way.

F. (after a pause, and very slowly, with a philosophic air): "I really do not know whether I should prefer to hear you say that you do agree with me, or that you do not agree with me."

This was very neatly put. But it requires some looking into to see the sneer of it. It made no more impression on the pachydermatous S———— than, as Sydney Smith observed, tickling the dome of St. Paul's would make on the Dean and Chapter.

. . . . . .

The same player (F————) was once being lectured by another moderate player of the S———— school. F———— listened till his tormentor had finished, and then, in a most polite manner, without the least appearance of irritation or tone of sarcasm (which to my mind made his reply peculiarly incisive), said: "I hear your argument with respect—but—without conviction."

. . . . . .

Whatever we may think of the American Informatory Double of one no-trumps it has come to stay. It is played regularly at many clubs and often very badly. Properly used, no doubt, it can be a formidable weapon. As a writer in the *Times* put it, "When once played the doubles are always retained, though their use generally brings to the inexperienced more loss than profit."

Mr. Milton Work, the American authority, states, "It is quite impossible for a pair which does not use the Informatory Doubles to compete against a pair which does (both pairs being of the same ability). Duplicate results have shown that overwhelming defeat results for the pair that uses the methods of twenty years ago."

This, so far as I am concerned, leaves me cold. The mere fact that these doubles make for success does not prove their desirability. It is easy to imagine many games where the adoption of certain tactics (*e.g.*, in golf the use of certain shaped clubs which may be illegal) are conducive to success. The questions still arise—Are they sporting? Are they in keeping with the spirit of the game? Do they tend to spoil the game?

. . . . . .

I write in the plural because, of course, the no-trumps double is only one of many conventional doubles used in America. But so far as I know it is the only one that has penetrated here. English players when they double one of a suit bid mean that they are very strong in it. In America the double of one of a suit bid means just the opposite. It signifies that the doubler is very weak or bare in it, but he has a good hand outside. His partner must take him out in no-trumps if he has the adverse suit twice stopped or must bid his longest suit otherwise.

. . . . . .

But, returning to the double of one no-trumps, this should only be made when the player on left of bidder has five high cards in his hand (Aces, Kings, or Queen) divided amongst at least three suits—when, in fact, he has a hand on which he would have called no-trumps himself if he had not been forestalled. A Jack is not considered sufficiently powerful to be reckoned as a high card in computing the doubling strength of the hand, but it may so be reckoned when in combination with another honour or honours. Thus Z bids "one no-trumps." A holds: S—A, x, x. H—A, x, x, x. D—x, x, x. C—A, Q, J. He has a sound Informatory Double.

It is also allowed that the five high-card standard can be departed from when the doubler holds four high cards (at least three of which are Aces and Kings) when he has length and strength in both major suits. To double with less than conventional strength is, Mr. Milton Work writes, "as foolish as playing with dynamite."

. . . . . .

Now, when second hand (A) doubles, his partner (B) must always take him out into his longest suit, no matter how weak it may be, unless there is an intervening bid by third hand. Then he is under no necessity to do so. Thus Z "one no-trumps," A "double," and Y "no-bid" B must bid even if his longest suit be four to an eight or nine. If Y re-doubles B must also bid.

In the case of B holding two suits of equal length and strength he must bid the higher.

It will, therefore, be seen that the success of A's double depends upon B holding at least an average hand or a suit of five or more which fits in with A's cards. Where B holds a bad hand or a Yarborough the double, so far from doing any good, is likely to land A and B into a position where they, in turn, would be doubled and mulcted in heavy penalties. I am assured, however, that in spite of this risk, the double does pay. In fact, I have been assured confidently that in eight cases out of ten it works out successfully, always provided that the original double is sound.

Result of Four Weeks' Competition—No. III

PROBLEM NO. 1

(*a*) Five Diamonds. (*b*) Three or five Clubs. (*c*) No bid.

PROBLEM NO. 2

(*a*) No bid. (*b*) Four Hearts. (*c*) Two No-trumps.

PROBLEM NO. 3

(*a*) No bid. (*b*) No bid. (*c*) One No-trumps.

PROBLEM NO. 4

(*a*) No bid. (*b*) Four Diamonds. (*c*) No bid.

Only one competitor succeeded in giving all the correct solutions. Several had two or three mistakes.

Prizes have been awarded—

1ST PRIZE, £10.—CAPTAIN R. T. COX, R.A.M.C.
2ND PRIZE, £5.—MISS HELEN C. POSNETT.
3RD PRIZE, £3.—C. T. R., Moorhurst.

The three BYSTANDER Bridge Sets go to—

MRS. ASKEW, Moorhurst, Hollington, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
CHARLES A. BAKER, Authors' Club, 2, Whitehall Court.
SIR WILLIAM WILKINSON, Bathampton, Bath.

Two varieties—
Royal Belfast
and
Pale Dry

We should like you
to try both and
choose for yourself

TRADE MARK

Summer has come

Cooling drinks and dainty dishes are the orders of the day. ROSS'S Belfast Ginger Ale is made to match the sunshine and the pleasant greetings of the smiling hedgerows.

Choose it as your summer drink, take in the sunshine and the pure, wild-flowery open air while you may, and you will be enriched by Thalia, and Aglaia, and Euphrosyne—the Graces of full, sunny, radiant life.

ROSS'S
Belfast
Ginger Ale

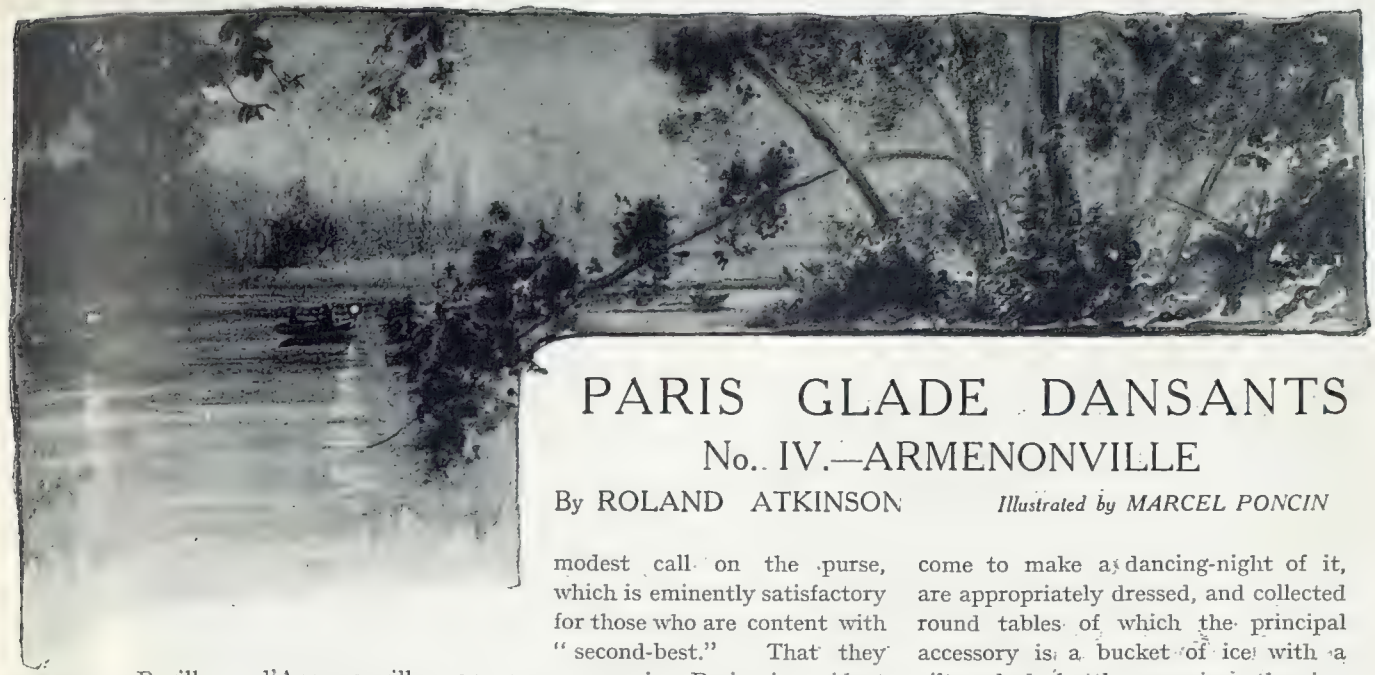
W A. ROSS & SONS, LTD., BELFAST, IRELAND.
London Depot: 6, Colonial Avenue, Minories, E Phone, Cent. 11707
Glasgow Depot: 38, York Street - - Phone, Cent. 4438

Night-Light Time in Paris

BY MARCEL PONCIN

No. IV.—ARMENONVILLE

"The Pavillon d'Armenonville," says Roland Atkinson "catches scores of people who had never thought of going into a *dancing*; the red, blue and yellow fairy lamps glowing through the trees forming a picture with a captivation it is hard to resist"



PARIS GLADE DANSANTS

No. IV.—ARMENONVILLE

By ROLAND ATKINSON *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

THE Pavillon d'Armenonville is the least expensive of the principal *dancing* restaurants of the Bois de Boulogne. There are obvious advantages about that main fact. It is the sort of information that one hears before embarking on the only test which can ever be satisfactory in these matters, that is a personal experience, furnishing convincing evidence that advantages of a reduced outlay may have corresponding disadvantages.

ONE reason why a night at Armenonville works out much more cheaply than at the other "glades" is that it is the nearest to the gates. You can take a taxi to Porte Maillot and then stroll the remaining few hundred yards along the pleasant paths of the Bois, thus baffling the get-rich-quick chauffeurs who try to take advantage of inexperienced tourists by clamouring for absurd sums at the entrance to the more remote haunts. In those cases a taxi-fare can make an irritating difference to the bill for the night's revelry. The best way to avoid unpleasant argument is to pay what is on the clock, plus ten francs for the "return empty" to the city gates, which is all that can be reasonably asked.

BUT the consequence of the accessibility of Armenonville is that it has become less chic than its apparently worse-placed rivals. It has had its great days—days when it was on the pinnacle of fashionable popularity—and it may have them again; but they are not in the present. Possibly the proprietors are manœuvring for a different public from that sought at the Pré-Catelan, which they also own. Comparison of prices makes it appear very much like that. Even a "gala" night may be achieved at Armenonville with a very modest call on the purse, which is eminently satisfactory for those who are content with "second-best." That they are numerous in Paris is evident from the crowds which flock to Armenonville, every Saturday, Sunday and Thursday night.

FOR one thing the Pavillon catches scores of people who had never thought of going into a *dancing*, but had set out on an evening ramble through the delicious greenery of the woods. They see the red, blue and yellow fairy lamps glowing through the trees, a picture with a captivation it is hard to resist, and they wander inside the gateless entrance to obtain a more intimate impression. They find that the gaily-lit gardens are open to them for a few francs, the price of a quite inexpensive drink, and that the only restriction which affects such unprepared visitors is that *tenue de soirée* is *obligatoire* for dancing.

THE result of this "dropping-in" system is that you have two different sets of people—those who have come to make a dancing-night of it, are appropriately dressed, and collected round tables of which the principal accessory is a bucket of ice with a gilt-necked bottle reposing therein; and those who are content to be on the fringe of "hig-leef" for an inconsiderable outlay on *bocks* or orangeade. When you are dancing inside Armenonville you have the impression of doing a *pirouette de perroquets* within a glass cage to the approval—or disapproval, I never know which—of the far bigger crowd of onlookers outside the plate-glass palace.

"An evening ramble through the greenery"

IT is far more satisfactory when the outside dancing floor can be utilised, for then there is no longer this effect of being "on view." Unfortunately, the outdoor "floor" cannot be used as frequently as is desirable, for it is within a cold "pocket" of the Bois atmosphere. Only on the warmest nights is the chill banished. Yet, so far as numbers of clients are concerned, Armenonville does not seem to suffer from these handicaps, and thus continues to be successful in its different sphere. My soul-mate and I were never able to enter into the spirit of the place, but I am willing to say it was perhaps our fault.

A Riviera Wedding

Every Riviera habitué will have heard with special interest the news of the forthcoming wedding of two well-known residents, Sir Coleridge Kennard, Bart., and Miss Mary Graham Orr-Lewis. The bridegroom elect inherited from his maternal grandfather, the late Sir James Wylie of Glasgow, one of the show places of the Cote d'Azur, the Villa Eilen-Roc, with its wild and rugged grounds at the very end of the Cap d'Antibes, adjoining the Riviera home of Lord and Lady Aberconway. He sold it last year to M. Harris-Sudreau, a famous French private detective, who had amassed a fortune in New York and married the widow of the notorious Jacques Lebaudy, the eccentric "Emperor of the Sahara," and has since made Cannes his home. Miss Orr-Lewis is the second daughter of Maud, Lady Orr-Lewis and the late Sir Frederick Orr-Lewis, of Montreal, and spends a large part of each year at the Villa Valetta at Cannes.

SHOWS, SMUGGLERS, MANNERS.

IN THE DOG DAYS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

More than one hundred Dog Shows have been listed to take place in this country during next month, apart from Matches, Field Trials, and—best of all, perhaps—Sheepdog Trials. The month's not exceptional; but these figures do indicate a certain amount of live interest in Dogs, don't they? It demands quite a bit of *banderbast*, not to mention hard cash, to organise a Show.

Apropos the recent Barcelona Dog Show, which lasted for no less than ten days, it's pointed out that, having regard to the heat, the Dogs were benched only from 4 to 8 p.m. each day. Mmm'yes; but ten days on end! To be sure, the great French Show of the Société Centrale—the French equivalent to our Kennel Club—was July 19 to 27; but it was divided into three series, of two or three days apiece; Hounds and Gun-dogs in one, Sheepdogs and Guard Dogs in another, Terriers, etc., in another; a carefully thought-out *tamasha*.

It's interesting to note, by the way, that the French Government has declined the Société Centrale's invitation to prohibit the importation of Dogs from Germany, having regard to the prevalence of rabies in that country. Apparently Scandinavia as a whole has enforced the prohibition, and Switzerland. Hard though they hit one, sometimes, our own quarantine regulations are very necessary, and vastly preferable to rabies, or to the restrictions accompanying muzzling orders. The genuine Dog-lover should feel no tolerance for the Dog-smuggler, whether mercenary or sentimental. His nefarious game is equally selfish and unsporting in either case.

"Taking them by and large," a correspondent writes, "Dogs have better manners than Christians, and the genus "bounder" is really rarer among them than among ourselves. Where they do err, occasionally, it is mostly in something in which their own standards supply no guidance, and the lazy beggars of humans belonging to them haven't taken the trouble to give a hint of instruction. Which is really too bad, you know, because it lowers doggy prestige, though not at all the Dogs' fault. Just by way of example, let me say, it's just as easy to teach Dogs never to defile a pavement or path, as it is to keep 'em strictly clean within doors." Kennelman endorses cordially, from personal experience; and, in the interests of doggy prestige, as much as human comfort, urges consideration, and practical action.

Be it known to enquirers and the community that flesh food is in no way harmful to Dogs in hot weather; but that a disproportionate amount of starch emphatically is; especially in what are called "the Dog days" next month. Well-cooked onions, spinach, or carrots, minced and mixed in with the food is specially good just now; snacks between meals are more than ever harmful in hot weather; drinking water needs changing more frequently—be liberal with it—and should never be left in the sun.

Is it true that the summer's new books are to include a real *novel* of Dog life, with all canine characters, the first novel of its kind ever produced, and one that will set a new standard in Dog books? The report has interest for all doggy folk, anyhow, and it reached me from a friend of the publisher of *Finn the Wolfhound*, who should know about such things.

RICH CRÊPE DE CHINE

TEA FROCKS

FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

We have recently designed a number of dainty Tea Frocks in attractive and becoming styles at popular prices. The Tea Frock illustrated is made in rich quality crêpe de Chine in the tunic style which will be very fashionable in the coming autumn season. It is a most practical garment for country house or holiday wear.

ATTRACTIVE TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality crepe de Chine, cut on simple lines, with deep box-pleated tunic flounce, mock pockets, bound at neck, sleeves, and slip opening in front with rouleaux of crepe de Chine. The narrow piece at waist can be knotted as a trimming, or used as a circular belt. In White, Pink, Sky, Beige, Saxe, Mauve, Purple, Cyclamen, and many other colours.

SPECIAL PRICE

84/-

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London, W.

PURE SILK PYJAMAS

AT

SPECIAL PRICES

THE value of these Pyjamas is quite exceptional, made of heavy quality crepe de Chine and can be thoroughly recommended for hard wear.

Jumper Pyjama (as sketch) tailor cut suitable for young ladies, in pure silk heavy quality crepe de Chine in various stripes on ivory ground, thoroughly recommended for hard wear.

PRICE

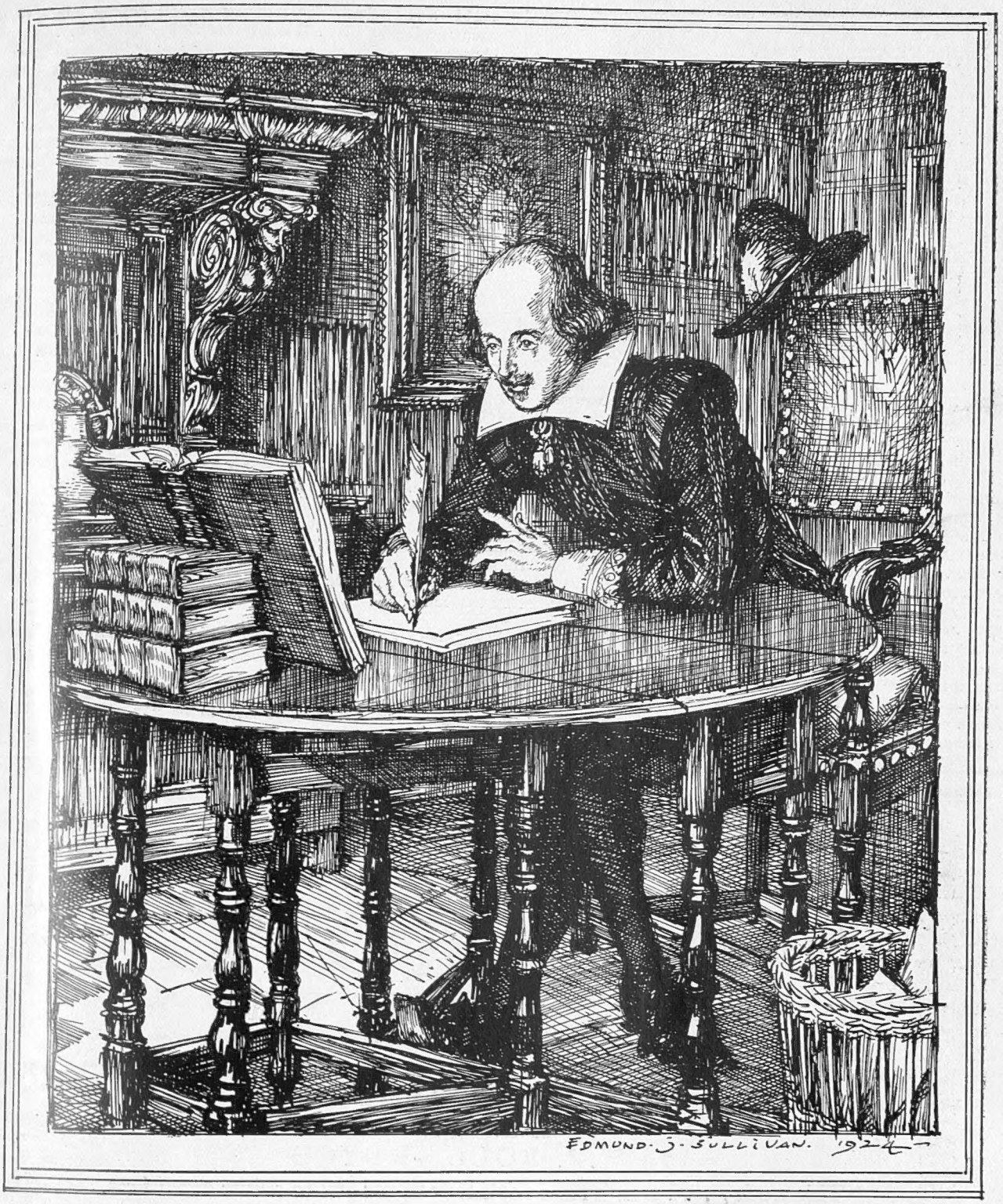
59/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W 1

Sent on approval.



(William Shakespeare)

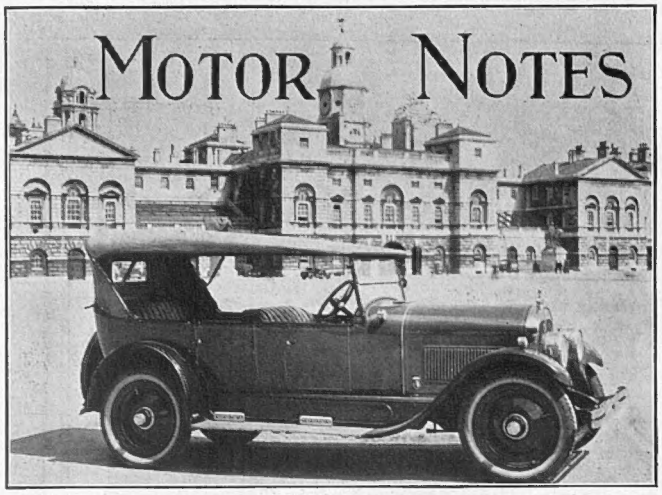
DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT OF INSPIRATION

Inspiration is the source of all things worth while; the charm of literature, the glory of art, the appeal of music and the wonder of science. Inspiration finds expression in many ways but never more happily than in the inspired blending of . . . .

DEWAR'S

MOTOR NOTES



ON PARADE

A Flint "Six" "standing at ease" on the Horse Guards Parade, Whitehall. The car, which is a 27 h.p. six-cylinder model seating five passengers, is priced at £398

OUR British cars are more than holding their own in speed contests against all comers. There was the wonderful success of the 15.9 h.p. Bentley winning the twenty-four hours Grand Prix race for the Rudge-Whitworth Cup, covering 2,077 kilometres at an average speed of 54 miles per hour. Then we had the 13.5 h.p. Beardmore, driven by Cyril Paul, making a new record for Shelsley Walsh 1,100 yards ascent in 50½ secs., equal to an average speed of 40½ miles per hour. I hope the Sunbeam team will again repeat their victory in the Grand Prix at Lyons on Sunday, August 3, and prove the winners. England will then hold all the best records for road sporting events.

SHELSLEY WALSH hill climb was well attended, though this year the charge was five shillings admission for the men and two shillings for the ladies. The Midland A.C. run this annual classic so excellently in regard to its organisation that motorists would deeply regret any cause that should prevent its continuation. This year—the eighteenth of the series—the Club had to spend £600 to rebuild this private hill road, for the sudden water-spout in the spring had nearly washed the road away by the landslide that followed the storm. Consequently, the Club had to remake the road to avoid abandoning this popular fixture. It spent the money, so I hope the Midland motorists of wealth will send in some handsome donations to settle the bill if necessary, as many thousands of motorists attend, so the trade really gains orders by this hill climb.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, Malcolm Campbell had a "crash" before Shelsley Walsh, so could not bring the big Sunbeam to that meeting this year. Also Miss Doris Heath failed to attend, and display her usual driving skill, so Miss Pink and Mrs. Stewart Menzies were the only lady drivers. The former on the Astur-Martin was successful in winning several cups. Mrs. Stewart-Menzies handled the 30 h.p. Peugeot excellently, driving with fine judgment in taking the two bad bends. It looked a big car for a lady to handle, but she managed to hold it easily. Harold Heath on the 1½-litre Darracq won the Formula handicap prize, and other winners were Mr. L. T. Kings on the 7 h.p. Austin, Mr. Raymond Mays on the Brescia-Bugatti, and Mr. H. W. Cook on the 17.9 h.p. T.T. Vauxhall of wonderful compression ratio fame.

* * *

EVERY car ought to carry a Pyrene fire-extinguisher, as you never know when the "other man" is going to crash into you or light a cigarette where you have spilt some petrol, or do some other idiotic trick that may set your car on fire. It costs so little and takes such a small space to stow on the running board or under the "dash" that it should never be forgotten to be a standard equipment. Only a few days ago a car was saved from being burnt up by the use of this excellent fire-killer and, what is a further benefit, it did not mess up the car, which has been done at times by other devices. I note all the owners of sporting semi-racing types of cars that compete in hill climbs usually carry them, and that tip ought to be worth taking by the everyday motorists.

* * *

THE Automobile Club of Queensland held its one day's reliability trial in May, and included a "teazer" in the course, called Spicer's Gap. Some of the cars had to be hauled up this hill with ropes, and few cars climbed it cleanly. In

(Continued on page 304)

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

A recent

EXPERT OPINION

concerning the

20 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE

"This week . . . I took it for a day's tour under owner-driver conditions. The latest experience has served to explain to me, as it would to anybody, how it comes about that the firm has had to increase its production of this type, for a sweeter running car one is unable to imagine. . ."

Mr. H. Massac Buist
in the
"Morning Post" of July 5th, 1924

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD.

15 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
TELEGRAMS: ROLHEAD, PICCY, LONDON
TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 6040 (4 LINES)

Nobel Exhibit, Section E, Palace of Industry.

ELEY & KYNOCH CARTRIDGES

and other Nobel products

at the

EXHIBITION

Eley and Kynoch cartridges have a worthy setting in the Nobel exhibit in the Palace of Industry. They are the only cartridges shown at the British Empire Exhibition.

Shooting men should see the exhibit, which explains the evolution of a sporting cartridge from its component parts, and displays powders, cases, clay targets and traps, etc.

Nobel Industries products of likely interest to readers of *The Bystander* include the "Sunbeam" Bicycles, "Amac" Carburetters, "Rotax" Motor Accessories, Motor Car Radiators, "Pegamoid" and "P.V." Artificial Leathers, the "Lightning Fastener" fitted to golf bags and ladies' handbags, tents, etc., Commercial Explosives, Gas Mantles, Lamps, Metals, Plastic Wood, etc.

Each visitor is presented, on request, with a Nobel Industries Medal minted in the Nobel Bay.

An illustrated book depicting sporting cartridges and all the other products of Nobel Industries will be sent post free to any reader mentioning *The Bystander*.

Address to Advertising Department

NOBEL INDUSTRIES LTD.
NOBEL HOUSE, LONDON, S.W.1.

NOBEL

BUY BRITISH GOODS

Make This Test

You'll like the results

We ask you to try a new method of teeth cleaning. The test is free. It will show you results which everyone desires.

Combats the film

This method combats the film on teeth—that viscous film you feel. That is the teeth's great enemy.

Despite the tooth brush, much of it clings and stays. Soon it discolours, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose lustre.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth, and the acid may cause decay.

Now you can daily combat that film. Dental science has found two ways. One acts to disintegrate the film, the other to remove it without harmful scouring.

When these methods were proved to be effective, a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Homes of fifty nations now employ it, largely by dental advice.

Also fruit effects

Pepsodent also applies certain fruit effects to teeth. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, which is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

See the benefits

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will be delighted, and the results may bring you priceless benefits. Cut out coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent
REG. TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

1365

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
(Dept. 153) 42, Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S.E.1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

Address .....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

Bystander, 30/7

MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

the "private" class, Mr. J. A. McGregor's 14-40 h.p. Vauxhall was first with 295 points out of a possible 300 marks in this, the severest competition this Club has yet held. It was the only Vauxhall competing, yet the country needs this type of never-failing hill climber, so I was surprised in learning this was the only Vauxhall car in the trial. Its petrol consumption of 42.1 miles per gallon, with its load of four persons, was extraordinarily good with such trying road conditions.

* * *

For the 75 miles an hour Long handicap at Brooklands on August Bank Holiday the B.A.R.C. have given the President's Gold Plate, value £100, as the first prize, so no doubt the entrants will be many. As the European Grand Prix, which is to be run at Lyons on the preceding Sunday, is the only other motoring event to clash with this fixture, there ought to be a big crowd present to witness the racing at Weybridge. Lyons is rather too far for the average motor-racing enthusiast, and as there are only the three Sunbeam cars to represent Great Britain, it is not enough to tempt them to cross, as it would be if half-a-dozen other British makes could be tried out on this severe road circuit. Perhaps we may get a road race of this character with roads kept by the civil and military forces as in France in due time, but I doubt if many of the present generation will live long enough to see it. There are even grumbles in the Isle of Man on the closing of the roads for the T.T. races, so what sort of storm would be raised here by a portion of the public can be well imagined. They cannot let Brooklands alone, that is why the A.C.U. only asked for motor-cycle races to be run in the United Kingdom in its Bill, as these are supposed to be the poor man's machines and might be supported by the Labour Party in the House of Commons, whereas cars are supposed to be the property of the rich. It seems nonsense, doesn't it?

* * *

I feel very sorry for our poor motoring visitors to this country who thought they were going to get their cars in and out of this land without any official interference. Mr. Snowden might just as well have left the McKenna duties alone, as foreign magnetos, lamps with bulbs of lamp-blown glass or containing tungsten filament have to pay 33⅓ per cent. *ad valorem* duty. So these items of their cars' equipment, under the Safeguarding of Industries Act, 1921, have caused the need of the usual triptyque of yore, and the R.A.C. are arranging its terms with the Customs authorities at this moment of writing. Ammeters and voltmeters are also dutiable articles on the same basis, so it is a fine mix-up, and away goes the simplicity of travel from the Continent here by car, which some folk had the impudence to conceive would help to repay the two or three million pounds sterling per annum the country will lose after August 1. Also those motorists who imagined that they would hop over to France and buy cars cheaper there than here are reminded that should they wish to re-import them to use again in France they must have been used there first, registered in that country, and the *taxe de luxe* paid upon them in order that they can be re-imported duty free. Old Hy.

A CARAVAN DE LUXE

An Eccles Motor Trailer Caravan ready for the road. Balanced on two wheels, it can be coupled up to any ordinary car by means of a special bracket fixed to the car-chassis. The legs fold up and fasten with straps when the caravan is moving

An Ideal Caravan Holiday

An excellent way for the motorist to enjoy a new kind of holiday is to go motor-caravanning. All that is required is one of those excellent Eccles Motor Trailer Caravans which can be affixed very simply to the rear of any car. These caravans, which are eight feet long by five feet six inches broad, are mounted on 26 x 3 in. pneumatic tyres, and are beautifully fitted up inside and out; the interiors being models of neatness and compactness. A caravan completely furnished and equipped can be obtained from The Eccles Motor Transport, Ltd., of 7, 8, and 9, Gosta Green, Birmingham, for from £105 upwards.

As Powerful as a Telescope

The "Levista" Prism Binoculars are the most powerful glasses ever manufactured. Entirely London made they are an indispensable adjunct for game shooting, nature study and all cases where high power is the first consideration.

Remarkable definition with a clear field of view are salient characteristics of these excellent glasses. Each binocular has central screw focussing, independent adjustable eyepiece and is sent out complete in solid leather sling case and lanyard.

Magnification X16 £12 0 0 Magnification X25 £13 10 0

Postage and packing free.

Send for fully illustrated catalogues B.I.

AITCHISON
AND COMPANY LIMITED
CONSULTING OPHTHALMIC OPTICIANS
428, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.
Branches at: London, Leeds, Swansea and Canterbury.
Look for the Owl in the Window.

SALVATION

SHELL-MEX, LTD.,
SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2